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POEMS,

SACRED AND MISCELLANEOUS,

BY

GEORGE WOODS, JUN.

Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala plura.—HOR.

LONDON:

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TO

THE REV. ROWLAND INGRAM, B.D.,

MASTER OF THE FREE GRAMMAR-SCHOOL

At Giggleswick, in Craven,

AS A TESTIMONY OF REGARD FOR HIS CHARACTER, AND

GRATITUDE FOR HIS INSTRUCTION,

THIS

LITTLE VOLUME

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

BY HIS

AFFECTIONATE PUPIL AND OBEDIENT SERVANT,

GEORGE WOODS, JUN.

812794

PREFACE.

THE Public will see, by the motto which the author has selected for the title-page of his work, what is his own candid opinion of the performance. He is afraid, indeed, that the *mala* will be found so abundant, as scarcely to be excused by the few good or rather tolerable pieces which may be here and there interspersed. The only apology the writer can make for them is, that they were chiefly composed at an age when we are supposed to be rather learning than teaching,—acquiring knowledge for ourselves, than imparting it to others. Had he listened to the kind hints and good advice of many of his friends, he would have waited for a maturer age in which to give his lucubrations to the public: but vanity (for he will not pretend to be free

from a considerable share of this failing), and the desire, common to scribblers, and especially to the *genus irritabile*, of seeing his effusions in print, induced him to expose these crude fruits to the eye of the world and the tender mercies of criticism. Whether he has done right, others must judge. He did indeed hope that some of the harsh treatment to which he has been exposed might have been spared, and that the lash would not have been inflicted before his crime had been made known; but as these are rather subjects for individual feeling than public resentment, he is not desirous of dilating on such disagreeable topics. But he has often thought of the complaint of Seneca under such circumstances: "I have long," says that admirable author*, "endeavoured to do something which might establish my reputation, and distinguish me from the mass of mankind; but what other

* Not having the author by me, I will not answer for the closeness of the translation, but that is the sense of the passage.

effect has it had, than to expose me to the assaults of envy, and the private machinations of malice?"

Should the reader see little in the following productions to merit his approbation, it is to be hoped he will not find much to condemn. The intention, at least, is good, and any want of ability is rather to be pitied than blamed. Should it induce one mind to more serious thoughts of religion, or even have the effect, with God's blessing, of preventing one sinful action that might have been otherwise committed, the author will not deem that he has written in vain.

"CAST THY BREAD UPON THE WATERS," saith the Preacher, "FOR THOU SHALT FIND IT AFTER MANY DAYS."

G. W.

BARNSELY, JULY 14, 1828.



SACRED POEMS.

SACRED POEMS.

THOU PEERLESS MASTER.

THOU peerless Master of the Lyre,
When on the chords thy skill was shown,
The coldest felt its notes of fire,
The hardest melted at the tone!
But now its voice is all unknown,
And Judah weeps beneath the palm,
Her harp upon the willows thrown;—
O what shall bring her spirit balm?

Her sons and daughters wander far
To lands remote 'mid darker skies,
And seek, beneath a distant star,
The freedom which their own denies;—
When shall they close their weary eyes?
The lonely solace of the tomb
Is all their bleeding hearts can prize;—
When shall they sleep beneath its gloom?

RISE FROM THE DUST.

RISE from the dust, O spirit, rise ;
 Thy form was fitted for the skies :
 Awhile condemn'd on earth to roam,
 And swim life's stormy sea,
 Now hast thou found a peaceful home,
 From gale and billow free ;
 The swelling deep, the mountain-foam,
 Shall never come nigh thee ;
 In that blest haven all is fair ;
 Who would not wish to harbour there ?

Dark was thy voyage, dark and drear,
 Till heaven's high anthem met thine ear :
 The glad salute that hail'd thee then
 Seem'd not like that from foes,
 And thy glad spirit spoke again,—
 It sought a long repose !
 Still tempests toss thy fellow-men,
 But thou art not with those ;
 And thou hast moor'd thy faithful prow
 Far from life's gloomy surges now.

Vain were the thought, thy perils o'er,
 To wish thee back to earth once more ;

But we may take what thou didst leave,
 Thy guardian, pilot, guide ;
 No mortal ministry we crave,
 What need have we beside ?
 That heavenly friend shall safe receive,
 And steer us o'er the tide ;
 Till, anchor'd in that stormless bay,
 No cloud shall veil the eternal day.

Protected by His saving power,
 We shall not fear the boisterous hour ;
 For Faith shall be our compass true,
 To guide us as we sail,
 Heaven the bright port we keep in view,
 Our refuge from the gale,
 Life the dark sea we wander through,
 But shall not long bewail :
 Our haven is a better land,
 Our home of peace at God's right hand.

IN THE BOOK OF LIFE RECORDED.

IN the book of life recorded,
 Mortal, if thy name be found,
 God's protecting grace, afforded,
 Shall forbid the power to wound :
 To captivity a stranger,
 From corroding sickness free,
 He shall guard thy soul from danger,
 He shall spread his wings o'er thee.

When the fears of night assail thee,
 Or the pest that walks by day,
 His right arm shall never fail thee,
 He shall be thy strength and stay :
 Though, destruction sweeping by thee,
 Thousands at thy side may fall,
 Yet the plague shall not come nigh thee,
 Thou shalt triumph over all.

On the venom'd adder coiling
 Then shalt thou securely tread,
 And, his fearful vengeance foiling,
 Trample on the lion's head.
 Fire shall burn the vast creation,
 Sun and moon shall cease to shine,
 God shall shew thee his salvation,
 God's eternal day be thine.

AUTUMN.

As the dark wrecks of Autumn are borne by the wind,
 And leave not a trace of existence behind,
 So, cold when in death and in darkness we lay,
 By the whirlwinds of sin we were hurried away.

But when on our souls the Redeemer had shone,
 When the depths of his love and his mercy were known,
 As the leaves flourish green in the freshness of spring,
 So our hearts were revived from their long withering.

Oh, long may they bloom in the light of thine eye,
 Receiving their warmth from the day-spring on high ;
 Through winter's cold blast, and through summer's
 warm ray,
 Still green as the leaves, but not fading as they !

 AFFLICTION.

WHEN stern afflictions press the soul,
 And the dark waves of trouble roll,
 As whirlwinds bend the quivering tree,
 They bow the chasten'd heart to Thee !

Then human strength and worldly pride
 Are in the fiery furnace tried ;
 All mortal dross is purged away,
 Nought but the purest gold may stay.

Lord, let thy gospel be my law ;
 From Thee may I sweet comfort draw ;
 That, when all earthly hopes are fled,
 Thy arm may raise my drooping head !

WHEN SINFUL MAN.

WHEN sinful man from God would flee,
 Quick pealing from the sky,
 His thunders spoke the fierce decree,
 That Adam's race must die.

But soon these words, in accents low,
 His tender love reveal,—
 “The serpent wounds thy head, but know
 Thy seed shall bruise his heel.”

And thence, through each successive age,
 Successive prophets ran,
 Attesting on the sacred page,
 How Godhead cares for man.

If from their hearts Faith's ray serene
 Could every cloud remove,
 Shall we despair, whose eyes have seen
 The witness of thy love ?

THE PASSAGE OF THE RED SEA.

THEY come, the foes of Israel come,
 From Pharaoh's land of Nile,
 And fearful sounds the distant hum
 Of each advancing file ;
 Anon is heard the martial drum,
 And falchions gleam the while !

O how shall trembling Israel flee
 The gathering clouds of woe ?
 Before them spreads the boundless sea,
 Behind, the ruthless foe ;
 Their leader, can he set them free,
 Or check the threat'ning blow ?

" Was Egypt, then, without a grave—
 Her land without a bier ?
 Or didst Thoa thence thy people save,
 To let them perish here ?

For, see, the hostile pennons wave;
 Destruction draweth near !”

Cease, Israel, cease those words of pride;
 Thy haughty soul subdue;
 The Lord, that was his people’s guide,
 Shall be their safety too.
 Behold ! the stormy deeps divide,
 The glitt’ring sands ye view !

“ Pass on !” The humbled host obeys,
 And treads the gulph below;
 Behind them God his form displays,
 And parts them from the foe,-
 To those a fiery pillar’s blaze,
 To these a cloud of woe.

Morn comes, and with it to their eyes
 The cheering sight of land,
 From ocean’s slimy deep they rise
 On firmer ground to stand;
 The foaming wave behind them lies,
 They tread the rocky strand.

Now midway pass’d stern Pharaoh’s host
 The gulph of Araby,
 When God saw from the western coast
 Their chariots in the sea,

Their shining wheels from off them tost,
And made proud Egypt flee.

Behold, at his supreme command
The watery bulwarks fall,
Dark billows rage on every hand,
Deep fears their hearts appal :
In vain they seek to gain the land,
The wave o'erwhelms them all !

And many a youth that would have died
Proud in the battle-field,
With look unmoved, and eye of pride,
And heart that scorn'd to yield,
Had gazed upon that swelling tide
With fears but ill conceal'd.

Their doom is past ! their span is o'er !
Cool sleeps each burning brow,
And limbs revenge had steel'd before,
Lie strengthless, lifeless now ;
The throbbing heart pulsates no more,
The unlifted standards bow.

But, hark, what not unhallow'd hand
Attunes the sacred lay ?
'Tis Miriam and her maiden band,
And fairer none than they ;

They sing of Him whom all the land
And all the seas obey :—

MIRIAM'S SONG.

RAISE to the Lord the swelling song,
Let rocks and stormy seas reply ;
The Lord is great, the Lord is strong,
The Lord hath triumph'd gloriously !
There, black'ning on the beach, they lie,
Who dared oppress whom He had blest,—
Their funeral wail, the vulture's cry,—
Their grave, the prowling fox's nest !

On wheels of speed pursued the host,
Their pennon swept the vault of heaven,
But now that warlike band is lost,
Its chariots still, its banner riven !
They with their God had idly striven !
Let those who hope against his sway
To strive, and yet to be forgiven,
Look on the doom He dealt to-day !

LAMENT FOR JERUSALEM.

As a vine-tree, whose branches spread greenly and wide,
Was Judah of old, in the days of her pride,—
As a vine-tree, whose branches lie trampled and low,
Is Judah now left to the scorn of the foe.

Her temple is ashes, its altar profaned,
 And the heathen bear sway where Jehovah had reign'd ;
 For destruction came down, like an angel of wrath,
 And Salem's high places were mark'd for his path.

No more from the homes of our fathers we raise
 To the God of our fathers the anthem of praise ;
 By Him now forsaken, of mortals the scorn,
 To regions they knew not we wander forlorn.

Look down on thy people, O Father, from high,
 Look down on thy people, and list to their cry ;
 Shall thy vengeance still strike at the heart of the son ?
 Must the children atone what their fathers have done ?

EVENING.

Now bathed in floods of western light
 The day's departing glories die,
 And the ten thousand eyes of night
 Are twinkling through the azure sky.
 From man's unmeaning joys I fly,—
 The pompous court, the crowded ball,—
 To feast alike my mind and eye
 On nature's prouder festival.

The worlds, that swim that lake of blue,
 Those shining orbs, those sunny spheres,
 Are deem'd by me of lovelier hue
 Than taper that in hall appears :
 There have they wheel'd for countless years,
 While men in millions pass'd away,
 Unconscious of their hopes or fears ;
 The stars smile on—and where are they ?

Ye beauteous things ! perhaps on you,
 When life and youth were in their prime,
 They gazed, as I am wont to do,
 Nor mark'd the ceaseless lapse of time ;
 And ye float on in light sublime !
 But soon *their* day-star set in gloom,
 And I, who weave this feeble rhyme,
 Must seek, like them, the silent tomb.

Farewell, fair stars ! but not in vain
 Be your deep lesson read for me ;
 Like your's, when sin resigns her reign,
 The glory of the good shall be :
 From earth's impure contagion free,
 In heaven their spotless souls shall shine,
 Unmoved through all eternity,
 Their lustre and their light divine !

ELIJAH ON MOUNT HOREB.

ON Horeb's hallow'd mount Elijah stood ;
 The sun sank westward in a purple flood ;
 All waveless slept that ocean-tide of light,
 While here and there, majestically bright,
 Embosom'd in that wide-extending bay,
 Sun-crimson'd isles of promise glittering lay.

The scene is changed ;—the gathering storms arise,
 And thunderbolts of vengeance cleave the skies ;
 Sweeps the fierce tempest over mount and plain,
 Rends the strong rock, and cleaves the oak in twain :
 Is God within the whirlwind ? Voiceless all—
 Nought sounds responsive to the prophet's call.

The scene is changed ;—the eternal mountains quake,
 And from their summit to their centre shake ;
 Earth yawns, and from her womb emits a cloud
 Of darken'd vapours, like the Almighty's shroud :
 Is God within the earthquake ? No—not there
 Replies Jehovah to the prophet's prayer.

The scene is changed ;—and mystic wreaths around
 Of fire unwasting fill the sacred ground ;

Such flame did Moses, holy man, of old,
 On that same mountain, in the bush, behold :
 Is God then there ? No sound returns to bless
 His list'ning ear ; his voice is echoless.

The scene is changed ;—all nature smiles again,
 And Eve rejoices on the distant plain ;
 The closing flowers breathe forth their sweetest balm,
 Each sound is hush'd in universal calm,
 And from that calm proceeds a gentle tone,
 A still small voice—it is Jehovah's own !

ON NEW YEAR'S DAY

THE year hath left us—parting brief
 To those who loved its stay ;
 But long, before it brought relief
 To hearts where grief had sway ;
 To eye and ear a space defined,
 But how unequal to the mind !

While some, as of a tranquil bark,
 When favouring breezes blow,
 Would scarce its silent progress mark,
 Or wish it still more slow,

Some, toss'd on life's tempestuous main,
Would wish the voyage o'er—in vain.

Of grief and joy, thus, ere it fled,
The varying chords were known,
Now, like the knolling for the dead,
It speaks one changeless tone,—
“Prepare thee for that viewless shore,
Where men shall measure me no more.”

To that deep voice, whate'er our fears,
Our hearts responsive sound,—
“O may we so expend our years,
And live life's little round,
That, when time's wheel no longer rolls,
Heaven's portal may receive our souls !”

LET JUDAH LAMENT.

LET Judah lament, for her chieftains are slain,
And her brightest and bravest lie stretch'd on the plain;
Let Judah lament, for her glory is low,
And her day-beam hath set in a long night of woe.

Oh tell not in Gath how the mighty repose,
Let not Askalon hear of the fate of her foes,

Lest the heathen rejoice o'er the death-blow of Saul,—
The faithless rejoice that the faithful must fall.

No more, O Gilboa, be doom'd to receive
The life-giving rain or the dew-drops of eve ;
For the limbs of a monarch are cold on thy sod—
The chosen of man, the anointed of God.

Like the blaze of the lightning, when seen from afar,
Flamed the offspring of Saul 'mid the thunders of war;—
And when was the fell work of vengeance undone
By the sword of the sire, or the bow of the son ?

Oh warm were their hearts while they lived, and they lay
Unchanged to the last, on that terrible day,
While the deep purple rill that stream'd out from each
 vein,
United its tide on that blood-gushing plain.

And now, like two plantains, unwither'd by time,
They sleep, in the strength of their manhood and prime,
Undivided in death, as unsever'd in life,
Commingle their dust on the mountain of strife.

THE SHORTNESS OF LIFE.

MAN's longest pilgrimage, how brief!
 As Autumn strips the yellow leaf,
 As opening flow'rets bloom and die,
 And dew-drops hasten to the sky,
 As torches in the wasting fire
 A moment blaze, and then expire,—
 So mingled nations fade and fall,
 And the same dwelling waits for all.

Quick as the bubble to the brim,
 As noon-tide to the twilight dim,
 Quick as the weary to repose,
 And the day's dawning to its close,
 Quick as the swelling wave subsides,
 And vengeance on the lightning rides
 Earthward from the storm-centred cloud,—
 So mortals hasten to a shroud.

Dost thou, a fading thing of clay,
 Build on to-morrow, or to-day?
 Before the morning's sun shall rise,
 Or evening veil the sleeping skies,
 That eye may close, no more to see
 Or night or day return for thee;
 Nor morning ray nor evening gloom
 Wake the still slumbers of the tomb.

Then look beyond the narrow span !
 This sinful stage is not for man :
 Awhile to earth the soul may cling,
 Then speeds away with eagle wing,
 Without a shadow to behold
 Past, present, future, all unroll'd ;
 While hours alike and ages flee,—
 Time melts into eternity !

THE OMNIPRESENCE AND ETERNITY OF GOD.

SPIRIT ! from whose creative wand
 The world sprang forth to light divine,
 All, all on earth, and all beyond,
 Through vast infinitude, are thine !

I ask'd of Space, to tell where lay
 The limits of thy searchless throne ;
 And she replied, thy potent sway
 Was co-extensive with her own.

I call'd Time from the hidden springs
 That flow'd ere Wisdom peopled earth ;
 He came at length, with weary wings,
 But could not tell me of thy birth.

I call'd Death from the fierce simoom,
 That sweeps o'er Arab's sandy sea,
 To ask him, when should be thy doom?
 But he had nothing known of thee.

Time, Space, and Death—how vainly all
 Would quench the glories of thy throne!
 And men may die, and angels fall,
 But Thou dost ever stand alone!

ON THE DEATH OF A PIOUS YOUNG MAN.

OH soon cut off, though not too soon,
 If God appoints thy call;
 Like leaves untimely nipp'd in June,
 Thy vernal honours fall!

Yet though thy body sinks in dust,
 And seeks its kindred clay,
 Thy spirit, mingled with the just,
 Enjoys eternal day.

Freed from this anxious scene of strife,
 And all its pangs and cares,

Thy soul inhales the breath of life,
And bliss immortal shares.

Though not by us such grace received,
Our constant prayer shall be,—
“O may we live as thou hast lived,
And dying, die like thee !”

PARAPHRASE OF THE 137TH PSALM.

By Babel's stream we sat and wept ;
Our harps, that sung so late of Thee,
From willow-trees suspended slept,—
Their music breathed but for the free !

The hosts, who led our captive band,
Bade us exalt the sacred lay ;—
“How shall we sing our native land,
When that blest land is far away ?

“If, Zion, from thy sacred hill
My treacherous heart be found to rove,
O may my nerveless arm be still,
My bloodless lips forget to move !

“ O Lord ! on Edom’s cursed race
 May thy severest vengeance fall,
 Who spoil’d thy holy dwelling-place,
 And ruin’d Salem’s captive wall.

“ O Babel, well shall he be blest,
 Who, heedless of their dying groans,
 With reckless hand and iron breast
 Shall dash thy babes against the stones !”

SPRING.

SPRING bedecks, with dewy fingers,
 Every hill and every plain ;
 Wheresoe’er her footstep lingers,
 Winter quits his rugged chain.

See the rivers, long encumber’d
 With his cold and icy band,
 Streaming from their beds unnumber’d,
 Gush through all the fruitful land.

On each side see flowers upspringing
 Bloom, to meet the raptur’d eye,

To the God of nature bringing
Sweetest incense, ere they die.

Thus the heart, which, deeply dreaming,
In the trance of death has lain,
Grace upon its slumbers beaming,
Springs to life and hope again.

Then the soul, from guilt awaking,
Throws aside all idle fear,
Sees the light around it breaking,
Sees the gospel-promise near.

WE ARE BUT PILGRIMS HERE.

WHEN journeying through this vale of strife,
Our drooping hearts 'twill cheer,
To think, amid the waste of life,
"We are but pilgrims here."

What though the sky be overcast,
And gathering clouds appear,
The gloomy scene will soon be past,
"We are but pilgrims here."

Around, the fiery sand may glow,
 No pool of water near ;
 'Twill soothe our fainting souls, to know
 "We are but pilgrims here."

From earth's dark scenes we turn our eyes,
 Faith points a happier sphere,
 Our home, our rest, is in the skies,
 "We are but pilgrims here."

THE RESURRECTION.

IF Christ arose not from the grave,
 Then vain is all his power to save ;
 If Christ arose to make us free,
 How joyful shall the sinner be !

The faded flower again may bloom,
 Again may sink in wintry gloom ;
 But Christ, once dead, can die no more,
 And death's terrific reign is o'er.

Awake ! arise ! put off your chains !
 The Prince of Peace, Immanuel, reigns ;

Behold, He stands before the throne,
And makes his people's wants his own.

When fainting 'mid this scene of strife,
He guides us to the stream of life;
The founts, that from his presence flow,
Refresh our thirsty souls below.

When, starting each from earth's cold bed,
The final trump shall wake the dead,
Around shall rise a fearful cry,
"The day of judgment draweth nigh!"—

A day of wrath, a day of gloom,
To those who lived but for the tomb;
While those, who walk'd in Christ, shall rest,
In those eternal mansions blest.

THE MORN IS UP.

THE morn is up, with golden hues to streak the eastern
sky,
And midway from the earth is heard the lark's clear melody;
For gratitude a thousand joys, a thousand mercies call,—
Meet season this for prayer and praise to God who giveth
all.

The lovely day hath pass'd away, its toils and pleasures
o'er;

The glorious sun his race hath run, and gilds the west no
more;

Serene, from heaven's unclouded brow, smiles the pure
eye of even;

Well may we now exalt the Lord for all his goodness
given.

'Tis midnight—through the boundless space a thousand
fires appear,

Like verdant spots that 'mid the waste the lonely pilgrim
cheer;

O what cold spirit hath withstood that scene's magnetic
power,

Nor breathed one holy orison in such entrancing hour!

Well may our words devoutly rise, at midnight, morn,
and eve;

The time were short to number all the blessings we re-
ceive;

Yet not in those still hours alone, when silent beauties
blend,

May the pure hymn of praise be heard, our prayers to
heaven ascend.

Oh no; amid the noisy scenes, the busy cares of life,

Whatever sea our bark be on, of pleasure, toil, or strife,

Though not a sound have left the lips, nor voice to mortals known,
 Faith's silent prayer shall pierce the clouds to seek Jehovah's throne.

MISSIONARY HYMN.

To distant climes we go,
 To regions not our own,
 To spread the reign of Christ below,
 And make his gospel known.

The lands of polar gloom,
 Where endless winter reigns,
 Shall see how Christian grace can bloom
 Upon their icy plains.

The Indian, reclined
 From the bright glare of day,
 Shall in the love of Jesus find
 A purer, softer ray.

Salvation's joyful sound,
 First taught us from above,
 Shall travel all the nations round,
 And bid them know thy love.

Then all the marshall'd earth
 To Christ shall bow the knee,
 And, farthest from thy mortal birth,
 The Isles shall wait on Thee !

Then Zion's scatter'd race,
 Long exiled from their home,
 Shall seek thy holy dwelling-place,
 No longer doom'd to roam.

Lord ! though from us may be
 That wond'rous day conceal'd,
 Though not our children's children see
 Thy perfect love reveal'd,—

Our hearts within us burn
 To spread thy name abroad,
 And blest the man, whose word shall turn
 One wand'ring soul to God !

OH, LORD ! THOU ART OUR CERTAIN STAY.

OH, Lord ! thou art our certain stay,
 Through glory and through shame,—
 Though worlds and systems melt away,
 Eternally the same.

Before creation sprang to light,
 And sun and planets shone,
 Thy presence beam'd for ever bright,
 Thy boundless grace was known.

With Thee an age, to others long,
 Fleets swift as passing gale,
 A thousand years as even-song,
 But Thou shalt never fail !
 Though human empires wax and wane,
 And nations bloom and fall,
 Thy power shall still unchanged remain,
 While death invades them all.

Though swifter than a shadowy dream
 Man's frail existence be,
 May we each moment so redeem,
 As still to live to Thee !
 Then shall we gladly bid farewell
 To earth's uncertain ray,
 When death is past, secure to dwell
 With Thee in endless day.

CHRIST THE REDEEMER.

DEATH and judgment ! fearful day !
 Heaven and earth shall pass away ;
 But the sinner's soul shall live,
 And through endless years survive.

Who, that scorn'd his fellow-men,
 Shall abide his presence then ?
 Great on earth his name might be,
 Nought in heaven so low as he !

Could the righteousness of all
 In one heap projected fall,
 Yet the whole would not fulfil
 All the Father's perfect will.

Could the sins of all the world
 In one massive pile be hurl'd,
 That resistless weight would throw
 Angels to a gulph of woe.

How shall guilty mortals flee
 From the law's severe decree ?
 Christ's redeeming blood alone
 Can for sinful man atone.

Come to Him, oh ye that stray,
 Panting, through the world's highway;
 From his side the fountain flows,
 That shall soften all your woes.

Could we, by an age of tears,
 'Scape the pain of endless years,
 Who, to shun eternal wrath,
 Would not tread the gloomy path?

But the love of Christ implies
 No such needless sacrifice;
 That imparts no idle fear;
 'Tis but "Ask, and I will hear."

Thus through life's uncertain light
 Shall He guide thy footsteps right;
 And, thy earthly journey past,
 Take thee to his arms at last.

THE CURSE OF THE LAW.

BOUND by the law's severest thrall,
 Yet still unable to obey,
 What gloomy fears the soul appal,
 What terrors of the judgment-day!

The hearts that mourn, the eyes that weep,
 Can they for sinful deeds atone,
 Bid God's eternal justice sleep,
 And plead for man before the throne ?

Fetter'd by sin's relentless chain,
 To death's all-conquering arm a prey,
 Repentance cannot cleanse the stain,
 Or wash the marks of guilt away.

O turn to Him, who on the tree
 Suffer'd, to save your souls from woe,
 And though your sins as crimson be,
 They shall again be white as snow.

BEHOLD THE SUN, WHOSE GORGEOUS RAY.

BEHOLD the sun, whose gorgeous ray
 Shines bright as burnish'd gold !
 That glorious orb must fade away,
 Those heavenly beams be cold.

Behold the stars, at dead of night,
 All glistening through the sky !
 E'en they, so exquisitely bright,
 Shall burn away, and die.

Behold the earth, whose fragrance sweet
Restores the drooping mind !
That earth shall melt with fervent heat,
Nor leave a wreck behind.

Yet know, in ruin dark involved,
Though countless systems lie,
Though nature's fabric be dissolved,
Thy soul shall never die !

On, on, through years of weal or woe,
To glory, or to grieve,
Unchanged whilst varying ages flow,
That better part shall live.

There death shall be a nameless thing,
The gates of life unbarr'd ;
Remorse shall never lose his sting,
Nor virtue her reward !

THE SWIFTNESS OF TIME.

As, impell'd by lightning speed,
Onward darts the snorting steed ;
As contesting chariots roll
Swiftly to the final goal ;
Hour by hour, and day by day,
So we hasten to decay.

As the clouds, which, tempest-driven,
Sweep the azure vault of heaven ;
As the wind, whose rapid blast,
Ere we feel its strength, is past ;
So man's fleeting years run on—
Life is spent, and we are gone.

Ages, though we deem them slow,
Like a silent river flow ;
Though the waters, deep and strong,
Float unseen, unmark'd, along,
Still, to meet the boundless sea,
On they glide eternally.

Time is short, and life uncertain,
Death full soon will drop the curtain ;
Many a heart that beats to-day,
Warm'd with youth's illusive ray,

Ere the morn her tints unfold,
Shall be motionless and cold.

Glittering insect! child of air!
Flutter through life's gay parterre!
Wave from sweet to sweet thy wing,
Heedless what a day may bring;
But for these enjoyments, know,
There shall come a night of woe!

PSALM 46TH PARAPHRASED.

GOD is our refuge and our rock,
Though human comforts fail;
We fear not then the earthquake's shock,
Nor dread the stormy gale.

Though wreathing waves and billows dark
Bear death on every side,
To Him we trust our shatter'd bark,
Which He shall safely guide.

Now streams are pour'd of grace unknown
O'er Sion's sacred hill,
And, springing from Jehovah's throne,
With joy his temple fill.

The heathen raged against the Lord ;
 Sin ruled the earth below ;
 He saw their host—He spoke the word—
 And vanquish'd every foe.

Through life's obscure and dubious way
 Our footsteps he shall lead,
 And He, who was our father's stay,
 Shall not neglect their seed.

Behold the wonders he hath wrought ;
 He burns the battle-car,
 He breaks the spear and bow as nought,
 And stills the rage of war.

Earth yields to his omnipotence ;
 He bows the heathen's powers ;—
 The Lord of Hosts is our defence !
 The God of Jacob ours !

WHEN EARTH RESUMES ITS KINDRED EARTH.

WHEN earth resumes its kindred earth,
 And dust to dust is given,
 The soul asserts a prouder birth,
 And upward mounts to heaven.

Then the dark clouds of life's short day,
 Its griefs, its cares, its pains,
 Are lost in God's entrancing ray,—
 Eternal sunshine reigns !

Who would not seek that world of peace,
 Where joys unceasing shine,
 Where human tears and troubles cease,
 And all is light divine ?
 O, Jesus ! make my soul to know
 That upward, heavenly road,
 Which leads to comfort here below,
 And lasting peace with God.

FAIREST FLOWER OF JESSE'S STEM.

FAIREST flower of Jesse's stem,
 Lord of heaven, and earth, and sea,
 Who hath worn the diadem
 With a sway so wide as Thee ?
 See, from every side are springing
 Thousands to obey thy call,
 Thee in feeble measures singing,
 Thee, the King and Lord of all !

See from Afric's burning zone,
 See from Greenland's wastes of snow,
 Thousands bow before thy throne,
 Thousands to thy presence flow.
 Every tongue, and every nation,
 In the sacred courts are found,
 Glad to hear the word Salvation,
 Glad to hear the Gospel sound.

O'er the realms of pagan night
 Pours the orient flood of day,
 Christ himself their living light,
 Christ their never-failing ray.
 He shall hold his bright dominion
 Fix'd, while countless ages roll,
 And peace wave her dove-like pinion
 From the centre to the pole !

THE SINNER'S PRAYER ANSWERED.

WHEN haughty pride and high disdain
 Invoke the God of heaven in vain,
 What humbler voice finds welcome there ?
 It is the lowly *sinner's* prayer.

Lord, be my heart by grace renew'd !
 Lord, be my man of flesh subdued !
 When flesh is dead, and sin is slain,
 My prayers shall not be all in vain.

WEEP ON, WEEP ON, THOU MAN OF SIN.

WEEP on, weep on, thou man of sin !
 Those tears become thine eye,
 If pardon yet thou hope to win,
 Or mercy from on high :
 Look back on all thy past career,
 Thy lust of wealth and power,
 Oh, have they now the skill to cheer,
 Or soothe one guilty hour ?

The faded joys of former years,
 Ambition's gilded shrine,
 What were they to the orphan's tears,
 What are they now to thine ?
 Though tears may not atone thy guilt,
 Nor wash away the stain,
 Yet know for thee the blood was spilt,
 Can make thee white again.

GOD A REFUGE IN TIME OF TROUBLE.—NAHUM i. 7.

BY the rude gale of passion tost,
 Lone wanderers on a stormy sea,
 Our strength decay'd, our vigour lost,
 Thou kindly bad'st us turn to Thee !
 We did,—and all the strife was o'er ;
 Thy mighty arm was stretch'd to save ;
 Our bark, so roughly tost before,
 Danced lightly on the peaceful wave.

O'er dangerous deeps our voyage lies,
 Our bark is frail, and we but men ;
 When the dark storms of sin arise,
 Be Thou our guide and comfort then !
 When earthly blessings cease to flow,
 When friends are false, and comforts flee,
 And the heart sinks beneath its woe,
 Assist us, Lord, to turn to Thee.

SEE! BOUNDING HIGH.

SEE ! bounding high with youth's ecstasie spring,
 The new-fledged eagle waves his jetty wing ;
 Thus, Lord, from sin's ignoble fetters free,
 My all-enraptured soul would spring to Thee,

Pierce the dark mists of woe that round it rise,
 And seek its home, its mansion in the skies.
 Could we but bloom for ever in thy love,
 Live in thy light, and in thy presence move,
 Drink the pure stream that from thy mercy flows,
 Unfailing still, the fountain of repose,
 And feel the beam that sparkles from thy throne,
 No dim reflected light, but all thine own ;
 If all the joys, that countless ages know,
 Could in one drop of bliss concentrated flow,
 That drop of bliss would tempt our souls in vain,
 To wander in life's dreary maze again ;
 Deceitful all, those fitful pleasures play,
 Thy glory, Lord, admits of no decay.

THE FINAL JUDGMENT.

THE Lord on hallow'd Sinai trod,
 The trembling mountain own'd its God ;
 Around the vivid lightnings flew,
 And shrill and loud the tempests blew.

But louder still the trump shall blow,
 And fiercer yet the lightnings glow,
 When, starting from his long repose,
 The Lord shall come to judge his foes.

See, waking from their beds of clay,
 The yawning graves yields up their prey ;
 And, bursting from death's shadowy pall,
 The trembling nations hear the call.

He comes with flag of wrath unfurl'd !
 He comes to judge a prostrate world !
 Before the brightness of his ray,
 Oh, how shall dust and ashes stay ?

Then, whispering low, a gentle voice
 Shall bid the saints of God rejoice :—
 “ Welcome ! from sin and sorrow free,
 For Jesus' blood was shed for thee !”

But louder than the sullen roar,
 When stormy breakers lash the shore,
 From gathering clouds of deepest gloom,
 Shall sound the sinner's awful doom :—

“ Ye who a Saviour's love despise,
 Go to the worm that never dies !
 No change of respite or repose,—
 A dark eternity of woes !

FATHER ALMIGHTY ! WHERE ART THOU ?

FATHER Almighty ! where art Thou ?

Dost Thou in gaudy temples dwell,
Where prostrate nations lowly bow,
And loud the pealing anthems swell ?

Yes ! Thou art there—but nearer still,
Where bounteous nature shows thy love ;
In the bright beam that gilds the hill,
Or breeze that sweeps the verdant grove.

Oh ! who can view the vernal bloom,
Or breathe at eve the balmy air,
All loaded with that sweet perfume,
Nor feel that Thou art present there ?

Thread we the thicket's deepest glade,
Or wander o'er the grassy lea,
In noontide heat or evening shade,
The varying scene is full of Thee !

THE CONTRAST.

HAST thou seen the rough waters, at day-break, surround-
ing

The frail sinking bark with the thunders of war,
When, loud through the depths of the ether resounding,
The tempest's fierce conflict is heard from afar?

Hast thou seen them at eve, when the calm spreading
ocean

Shines bright with the tints of the sun's setting ray,
Unruffled, except for that tremulous motion
That keeps the dull thought of stagnation away?

Oh! who that had witness'd the dark-wreathing billow
Upheaving its foam like some rock-crested hill,
Could have thought how, at eve, like a child's lowly pillow,
The sun-lighted wave should be peaceful and still?

Thus cold on our hearts when the whirlwind was raging,
And, yielding to passion, we struggled no more,
The dark storm of sin by his mercy assuaging,
God beam'd on our hearts, and the tempest was o'er.

RELICS OF SIN'S DEPARTED REIGN.

RELICS of sin's departed reign,
 Dark links of many a broken chain,
 How would ye still my path appal,
 And hold my captive heart in thrall !

But vainly shall ye seek to sway,
 Where Christ hath shed his hallow'd ray ;
 And hope to bind, with earthly ties,
 What God hath destined for the skies.

The tears of many a bitter hour
 May yet betray the tempter's power ;
 But Jesus' arm shall set me free,
 The Lamb, the Lamb, who died for me !

 EARLY PIETY.

OH yes, they are blest, who, in childhood forsaking
 The glittering pleasures that led them astray,
 To the beam of His love and His mercy awaking,
 Are fill'd with his promise in youth's early day.

No dark disappointment shall ever burst o'er them,
 To tell them the hope that they built on was vain,
 But the light of His truth shall burn lightly before them,
 Unchanging through sorrow, through sickness, and pain.

Farewell, then, ye pleasures, so dimly bestowing
 Your tinsel in vain on the dark pall of woe,
 But ours are the glories from God ever flowing,
 And ours are the joys which the Seraphim know !

THE INSTABILITY OF LIFE.

How lovely blooms the vernal rose !
 But soon its short-lived sweets decay ;
 Soon as the buds their tints disclose,
 They blossom, fade, and die away.

Such, too, is man's quick-passing state ;
 Such sin's unhallow'd fruits have been ;
 On every side what ills await,
 What dangers throng the uncertain scene !

There is a pure, a blissful land,
 Where sin and sorrow come not nigh,

Where God himself, with tender hand,
 Shall wipe the tear from every eye.

There is a world—alas, how few
 Shall see that realm of endless day !
 Oh, God, our hearts by grace renew ;
 Oh point to us that heavenly way.

PARDON THROUGH THE BLOOD OF JESUS.

WHEN sunshine paints the deep serene
 With all its light divine,
 Those thousand hues that gild the scene,
 Those heavenly tints, are Thine.

Nor less, when billows rock the storm,
 And stately cedars nod,
 The waves behold thy awful form,
 The forests know their God.

Oh, shall a sinful worm appear
 Before His awful throne,
 Whose voice in thunder thrills the ear,
 To plead his works alone ?

One only fount can cleanse the stain,
 And set the spirit free
 From guilt, from sorrow, and from pain,—
 His blood who died for me !

THE DESOLATION OF JUDAH.

No more from Judah's timbrels sweet
 The strains of gladness pour,
 But sounds, as when the surges beat
 On Norway's rugged shore,—
 Low, sullen murmurs of distress,
 That speak of utter loneliness.

Not thus did Israel's shepherd-king
 Attune the harp in vain,
 Nor swept his mighty hand the string
 To wake so sad a strain :
 Our sires in Canaan dwelt, but we
 Our fathers' country ne'er shall see.

Though through a dreary desert led,
 They found a home at last,
 A place to rest their wearied head,—
 Their pilgrimage is past :
 But we, when shall our wanderings cease ?
 When wilt Thou give thy people peace ?

CONFIDENCE IN HEAVEN.

How blest, when man with anger swells,
 And passion flames his eye,
 To think "in Heaven our witness dwells,
 Our record is on high!"
 The world may sneer; the humble saint,
 Safe in almighty power,
 Finds God is strong, though he be faint,
 Nor dreads the stormy hour.

Contempt may mark his path through life,
 And scorn his steps attend;
 The Lord will be, throughout the strife,
 His guardian, father, friend:
 And hearts that boil'd with spleen at first,
 When sickness gnaws the frame,
 May learn to bless the man they curse,
 And wish themselves the same.

No dark despair, no idle fears,
 His dauntless soul appal,
 His cry for grace Jehovah hears,
 And bears him safe through all;
 Till, borne on wings of love divine,
 He quits this earthly shore,
 For lands where joys unceasing shine,
 And grief shall sway no more.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

HAIL to heaven's anointed King !
 Harps of sweetest music bring :
 Saints and Seraphim adore him,
 Holiest angels bow before him ;
 How shall man his praises sing ?

Meek and humble was his birth,
 Like the meanest son of earth,—
 In a lowly manger lying,
 Scarce e'en nature's wants supplying,
 Far from sounds of festive mirth.

Pure his life and undefiled,
 Spotless as a new-born child ;
 Not with pomp and pleasure gloated,
 To the love of man devoted,
 Trod he o'er earth's barren wild.

Dreadful was the death he bore,
 Sharp the crown of thorns he wore ;
 Yet when from his side descended
 That pure blood with water blended,
 He had mercy yet in store.

By thy birth and life, O King,
 By thy death's ensanguined spring,
 If in orisons divine
 Sinful man may dare to join,
 Hear us, hear us, when we sing !

COME HERE, THOU BEAUTIFUL AND FREE.

COME here, thou beautiful and free,
 Of clear and cloudless brow ;
 Forget that smile of careless glee,
 Thy tears are doom'd to flow,
 For Saul was Judah's stateliest tree,
 It blooms less lovely now !

Its boughs are bent, its blossoms strown,
 Its leaves all borne away ;
 Wouldst thou ask where the trunk is thrown,
 Now leafless, bare, and grey ?
 Go ask Gilboa's mountain-stone,—
 That bloody spot may say.

Not ours the sorrow such as steals
 A moment's fond regret,

When kindled hope the rupture heals,
 E'en while the eye is wet,
 But the deep grief a nation feels,
 And shall not soon forget.

We mourn a king's untimely doom,
 A kingdom's lustre drear,—
 And time may wave his raven plume
 O'er ages, ere appear
 A star like him 'mid Judah's gloom,
 Her joyless night to cheer.

A friend may fall—with needless care
 Full soon the breast is cloy'd,
 And other friends succeed to share
 The hearts repeopled void,
 But what can heal our deep despair,
 A nation's hopes destroy'd?

Then come, thou beautiful and free,
 Of clear and cloudless brow;
 Forget that smile of careless glee,
 Thy tears are doom'd to flow,
 For Saul was Judah's stateliest tree,
 It blooms less lovely now!

THE POWER OF THE GOSPEL.

SWEETLY as comes the fragrant breeze
From wandering 'mid the orange-trees,
To him, who, in pursuit of prey,
Hath pass'd the noontide hours away,
But now, his toilsome travel done,
As westward sinks the expiring sun,
Hath turn'd his weary step to rove
A moment in that shady grove,
Or laid his limbs to rest awhile,
Where Asia's purple beauties smile ;
Sweet as to him, from leaf and bloom,
The gales of Autumn breathe perfume,
Refresh his limbs, worn out with toil,
And the vain search he made for spoil,
And with a deep, undying joy,
Fill the pure sense they cannot cloy ;—
So comes the gospel of our God
To those who have in darkness trod,
And, wandering o'er a sandy waste,
Life's morn in cheerless winter past.
Then peace, that blest autumnal tide,
For which the heart hath vainly sigh'd,
Sheds her rich perfume o'er the whole,
And brings rest to the wearied soul.

Here, spring's uncertain changes past,
 Our wearied feet shall rest at last;
 Here, blest with that eternal light,
 Which God himself, for ever bright,
 Emits, from his irradiate throne,
 On those whom He hath call'd his own,
 To cheer earth's still terrestrial scene,
 No cloud of grief shall intervene;
 No tear shall dim the unalter'd eye,
 The unwrung bosom heave no sigh;
 But bright as heaven's ethereal tide,
 When not a speck is seen to hide
 The glories of that unknown sea,
 The visions of the soul shall be.

God of my life ! whene'er I look
 On that inestimable book,
 In whose bright pages are display'd
 How Thou our ransom-price hast paid,
 I draw from that divine revealing
 A gleam of more than earthly feeling,
 Find my unbounded spirit spring
 From mortal ties that bid it stay,
 And wave its unretarded wing
 In realms of never-ending day;
 But human thoughts resume their sway;
 And, taught by passion's vain alloy,

I rush from heavenly themes away,
And trust to sublunary joy.

O Lord ! Thou know'st that flesh is frail,
That sin and Satan oft prevail,
That e'en the best, without thy will,
Are but as sounding cymbals still ;
Do Thou, when wandering souls withdraw
From the pure precepts of thy law,
Forgive them, and with grace supply
What human energies deny :
Through grief, through sickness, and through pain,
Do Thou our sinking souls sustain ;
And oh, when Time's unceasing flight
Hath brought man's rapid day to night,
When the last closing hour is nigh,
And weak the limbs, and dim the eye,—
When life hath lost her glowing fires,
And the last quivering flame expires,—
Do Thou, a never-failing friend,
The Christian's bed of death attend ;
Point out, beyond the approaching grave,
Mercy to bless, and power to save,
And bid him hope, beyond the tomb,
Existence of eternal bloom.

Then when the fatal hour is o'er,
And life's last stay holds out no more,

When, clay to clay, and dust to dust,
 The parted body yields its trust,
 Do Thou receive the unfetter'd mind,
 Which mortal link no more shall bind,
 And fix it in that life of joy,
 Which death's cold hand shall ne'er destroy.

HEBREW MELODY.

A HEBREW stood on Sion's hill,
 An exile and alone,
 His native land before him still,
 That land—no more his own !
 He saw the Roman eagle wave
 High o'er the walls he could not save ;
 And as he turn'd his glistening eye, .
 And thought of days and years gone by,
 He wept to see that glorious scene
 So changed from what it once had been.

A thousand glittering helmets shone
 Along the crowded street,
 With merry sound that pomp moved on,
 And music that was meet :

Yet that lone wanderer felt no glee,
 'Twas not his fathers' Jubilee !
 For well he knew the hostile strain,
 And never had it thrill'd in vain,
 To bid the Roman carve his way,
 By havock, to the after-prey.

But hark ! the signal-cry for slaughter ;
 The inmost gate is won,
 And woe to Judah's blooming daughter,
 And Judah's mightier son ;
 For both must prematurely fall
 In lady's bower or chieftain's hall ;
 Or, 'mid the captives borne away,
 Become some western tyrant's prey,
 To bless his bed, or serve his board ;—
 Such joys befit a Roman lord !

Yet still unmoved that gazer stood,
 Nor seem'd to fear, nor fled :
 He look'd on Gihon's purple flood,
 Now choak'd with Hebrew dead ;
 He saw, with spear and blood-stain'd lance,
 His country's enemies advance,
 Yet moved he not a palm's length thence,
 Nor raised an arm in his defence,
 Nor held his shield to turn the blow,
 Though well he knew his deadliest foe.

See that bare spot, where not a blade
 Of grass its verdure shews,
 The Hebrew wanderer, there is laid
 In undisturb'd repose ;—
 Not so his country—nor shall rest
 With peaceful smile her shores invest ;
 Nor shall the great Jehovah deign
 In Salem's seats again to reign,
 Till Christ by all shall be adored,
 Of Jew and Gentile equal Lord.

HYMN TO THE DEITY.

LORD of Eternity, thy power
 The varying seasons prove,
 When spring pours forth her genial shower,
 Or summer gilds the grove :
 Thine the autumnal tide which brings
 The fruits the harvest yields,
 And 'tis thy winter locks the springs,
 And whitens o'er the fields.

When day declines, and starry night
 Sleeps o'er the silent sea,
 Those lamps of never-fading light
 Proclaim their maker, Thee.

And morning's orb, whose beam appears
 Oft with infantine charm,
 Now deck'd in smiles, now dipp'd in tears,
 Owns thy creating arm.

Those clouds, which intercept the eye,
 This verdant earth we tread,
 The vaulted ocean of the sky,
 With shining barks o'erspread ;
 The swelling waves, whose restless spray,
 Like earthly hopes we view,
 Dancing in light, then toss'd away,—
 Confess their Maker too.

This human form, whose changing face
 Alternate weeps and smiles,
 And manhood's strength, and childhood's grace,
 And age's sapient wiles ;
 And beauty's spell, from which in vain
 The mind may strive to flee ;
 The conqueror's sword, the captive's chain,—
 Proceed alike from Thee.

And that, which more than mortal is,
 Though fix'd in mortal frame,
 The soul, ordain'd for endless bliss,
 From Thee to being came :

The soul, which, when death's final strife
 Our dust to dust hath thrown,
 Shall bear in it the seeds of life,
 Undying, like thine own.

Then, loosed from bonds of earthly clay,
 And free at will to soar,
 What glories shall the mind survey,
 And powers unknown before !
 Then all its former views of Thee,
 The realms of space unfurl'd,
 Shall seem a bubble to a sea,
 An atom to a world !

REJOICE, O YOUTH.

REJOICE, O Youth, in manhood's ray,
 Still keep thy heart from vain repining,
 And let the goblet's foaming spray
 Around thy festive board be shining :
 With wit and mirth amuse thy soul,
 Nor let remorse's rankling arrow,
 That poisoner of the genial bowl,
 With early grief thy feelings harrow.

With verdant olive crown thy brow,
 Nor give a place to vain reflection,
 'Tis time to roll in pleasure now,
 And later age may bring correction.
 Now for each mode of untried joy
 Go search through earth's remote recesses,
 Nor think the varied scene can cloy,
 Till perfect bliss thy senses blesses.

Thus revel o'er life's early flowers,
 Nor pass by love's enlivening pleasure,
 'Twill wile away the tedious hours,
 And prove a long unfailing treasure.
 Thus far shall youth be spent in mirth,
 And wisdom seem less wise than folly,
 Yet know, thou sensual Child of earth,
 A time shall come for melancholy.

Though life in brutish ease be past,
 And days and years glide on unheeded,
 The hour of death shall come at last,
 And time be flown, when most 'tis needed :
 Then, torn from this thy scene of sloth,
 Too late for change or for repentance,
 Must thou abide the Judge's wrath,
 And hear Him speak thy awful sentence.

THE FALL OF BABYLON.

OH, lift ye the banner on high o'er the mountain,
 Let the trumpet be loud and the scimitar keen,
 For Babel shall fall as a drop from the fountain,
 And leave not a trace where her glories have been.

The prince from his hall, and the serf from his labour,
 Shall gird on their mail, and wave high the war-sword,
 But the hand shall relax from its hold of the sabre,
 And the heart shall grow faint, in the wrath of the Lord.

The moon in her light, and the sun in his splendour,
 Shall hide their pure ray from the proud city's fall,
 While thick clouds of mist and of darkness attend her,
 And night wraps her streets like a funeral pall.

For the Medes from the north like a whirlwind shall gather,
 And Babylon yield to the might of the brave,
 While the young blooming bride and the grey-headed
 father
 Shall lay their heads low in the dust of the grave.

Her halls shall be still, and their pavement be gory,
 Not a sound heard of mirth or of revelling there,
 But the pride of the Chaldees, the boast of their glory,
 Extinguish'd like Sodom, be blasted and bare.

On the spot where thou raisest thy front, mighty nation,
 Shall the owl have his nest, and the wild beast his den,
 Thy courts shall be desert, thy name Desolation,
Now the tyrant of cities, the jest of them then!

EARTH IS MY FOOT-STOOL.

EARTH is my foot-stool, saith the Lord,
 And heaven my glorious throne ;
 What house shall sinful man afford
 To me, the sinless One ?
 Shall He, who fills the realms of space,
 Enter an earthly dwelling-place ?

What though the Parian stone thou pile,
 And box and cedar join
 With gold from Ophir's spicy isle,—
 Though costly, all are mine,—
 Think'st thou the Lord of earth and sky
 Is pleased with mortal pageantry ?

Forsake the pomp and pride of art,
 For worldly show design'd,
 My temple is the contrite heart,
 My house the humble mind :
 There will I dwell for evermore,
 And streams of richest mercy pour.

GOD, WHO DIDST SEND.

God, who didst send thy only Son,
 A priest and prophet, both in one,
 For man's transgressions to atone,
 And make his future glories known ;

Oh ! may that blood's refreshing stream
 Our souls from endless death redeem ;
 And those bright promises bestow,
 In weakness, strength—and joy in woe !

Though life's broad sea be rough and dark,
 We fear not for our feeble bark ;
 We bless thy name, and hail from far
 The cloudless beam of Jacob's star.

Though yawning deeps be round us spread,
 And tempests threaten over-head ;
 Though the seas rage in awful forms,
 As 'twere the festival of storms ;

Though deep the sullen north-winds roar,
 And mountain-billows lash the shore,
 While, 'midst that awful symphony,
 A dying shriek unheard would be ;

Thy love shall still that awful scene,
 And the calm'd waters smile serene,
 While the pure brightness of thy ray
 Clears every cloud of grief away.

Could but our words express our praise,
 What grateful hymns our lips should raise !
 But ah, how far our praise must fall
 Short of his due who gave us all !

How shall a creature's loud acclaim
 Serve to exalt his Maker's name,
 Whom, as the highest of the high,
 No mortal song can magnify ?

But Thou, O gracious Lord, wilt still
 Accept the offering for the will ;
 If with the lips the heart agree,
 This is the praise that pleases Thee.

Thou dost not seek for sacrifice,
 Or incense smoking to the skies,
 Since, by thy Son, to death betray'd,
 Our full atonement hath been made.

In vain the hecatomb may die,
 In vain the perfume soar on high,

In vain our gifts assail the throne,
We do but offer God his own.

The tenants of the viewless air;
The beasts that roam the desert bare;
The insect-tribe that haunt the stream,
Or flutter in the noon-tide beam;

The finny brood that swim the sea;
And every shrub, and flower, and tree;
A glorious and uncounted throng,—
By Thee were made, to Thee belong.

What dost Thou seek?—a humble trust
In Thee, the only wise and just;
The holy lips which will not lie,
And self-rewarding Charity.

Christian! if thus thou spend thy life,
In spite of trial, toil, and strife,
For all thy sufferings shall be given
Immortal recompense in heaven.

MIDNIGHT.

'Tis midnight, and oh, bright to view,
 Far as that ebon wave expands,
 The silver planets sailing through,
 Like vessels launch'd by angel-hands !
 As rising from the deep profound,
 They smile along that ocean dark,
 The sombre hue that reigns around
 Adds lustre to each shining bark.

Thy reason to the sight apply,
 Nor with the scene unthinking part,
 But while the prospect charms thine eye,
 Oh let the moral touch thy heart !
 Thus, through obscurity's dark night,
 Shall modest virtue glow from far,
 Strong as the noon's unclouded light,
 And lovelier than each lovely star.

PATIENCE SHOWN IN ADVERSITY.

THE virtues that obscurely slept
 In fortune's favouring eye,
 Like precious gems in caskets, kept
 Far from the vulgar pry,

In darker seasons strike the sight
 With all-surpassing ray,
 As diamonds glisten in the night,
 But never glow by day.

Patience, our prosperous days amid,
 And in life's happier hour,
 Is like a pearly dew-drop hid
 Within a shining flower :
 But when the sun's meridian heat
 Hath parch'd the verdant ground,
 That moisture keeps the blossoms sweet,
 And fragrance breathes around.

Oh, 'tis in bliss the harden'd heart
 And haughty soul bear sway,
 But when those joyful times depart,
 The virtues spring to day :
 They come, when adverse fortune lowers,
 And rising grief deforms,
 As Ocean sleeps in calmer hours,
 But only shines in storms.*

* That beautiful appearance of the sea, produced by luminous animalcules, is seldom observed except in, or immediately after, tempestuous weather.

MORNING HYMN.

THOU Offspring of the eternal Soul,
 The God of God, and Light of Light,
 Quick from the sky the vapours roll,
 And morning greets the raptured sight,
 Sheds o'er the earth her purple ray,
 And turns our darkness into day.

Yet undisturb'd, within the mind,
 The clouds of error reign supreme;
 To truth and revelation blind,
 We wander still, as in a dream;—
 Jesus! these mental clouds remove,
 And shine upon us with thy love.

Dissolve, O Lord, this stubborn ground,
 Our hearts from lukewarm feelings free,
 Then in the end shall they be found
 A soil not all unworthy Thee,—
 Fit to receive that seed divine,
 Whose flower at length in heaven shall shine.

BY DARK EUPHRATES' ROLLING STREAM.

By dark Euphrates' rolling stream
 The captive Jews their harps unstrung,
 The notes of joy would ill beseem
 The sadness that around them hung.
 Where'er they stray'd, in mournful bands,
 The sighs of grief were heard alone,
 They could not sing in other lands
 The strains which cheer'd them in their own!

Yet God their state in mercy view'd,
 So long from Judah doom'd to roam,
 The fierce oppressor's might subdued,
 And brought the weary exiles home.
 Though, like a storm-uprooted tree,
 'Mid winter's blasts their strength had lain,
 Again their branch rose green and free,
 Their rosy summer smiled again.

But now the power of Judah sleeps,
 The suns are set of former years,
 Nor by one single stream she weeps,
 But millions glisten with her tears!
 Yet Thou hast promised, gracious Lord,
 Their former glory to restore,
 Then hasten to fulfil thy word,
 And be their day of sorrows o'er.

CHARITY.

RELIEVE the poor in time of need,
 And with thy bread the hungry feed ;
 The naked clothe, their wrongs redress,
 And heed thy kinsman in distress.

So shall thy light like morning shine,
 And more than mortal bliss be thine ;
 For God shall view thy works of love,
 And doubly bless thee from above.

When the pure voice of faith shall rise,
 In supplications to the skies,
 The Lord shall hear thy constant cry,
 And kindly answer, " Here am I."

Thus should thy mercy's constant flow
 No bound of change or languor know,
 From 'midst the night thy star shall beam,
 Thy darkness as the noon-day seem :

Jehovah shall thy soul provide,
 And still through life thy footsteps guide,
 While, flower-like, all thy joys increase,
 Water'd by springs which never cease.

Thus, years on years in goodness spent,
 With Heaven's first blessing, true content,
 Thy time shall glide, unmix'd with cares,
 Till age step on thee unawares.

Then, life's probation overcome,
 Thy glorious King shall lead thee home,
 Free thee from earth and earth's alarms,
 And take thee to his heavenly arms.

THOUGHTS IN A CHURCH-YARD.

Cut off in manhood, age, and beauty's bloom,
 Beneath me sleep the children of the tomb;
 Here lie, whom honour, power, and affluence blest,
 Poor as the poorest whom their pride opprest.
 Where is their wealth?—Behold the reckless heir
 The hoarded gold with brother-wretches share,
 Disperse the shining store with eager hands,
 And to his pleasures sacrifice his lands.
 Where is their might?—The worm devours their clay,
 And hath more power and larger realm than they.
 Their titles, stain'd with vice, the living head
 Could not exalt; say, can they raise the dead?
 The ruby-tinctured cheek and features fair,
 Where are they now?—let echo answer—where?

All these are gone, but virtue's flowery wreath
 Lives, buds, and blooms, and sanctifies in death;
 Sheds a sweet incense o'er each hallow'd name,
 And hands to distant years its deathless fame.
 So when on dim Hyrcania's distant height
 The evening shadows darken into night,
 One single star rides o'er the deep serene,
 And keeps its vigils through the silent scene.

Though drear the spot, and narrow seem the cell,
 Where all that lived and loved together dwell,
 Yet think not there the doom of man is cast,
 Nor the frail fleeting joys of earth the last!
 For though the eye be fix'd, and limb be still,
 And the cold hand no more obey the will,
 Though the heart cease to throb, the pulse to play,
 And death o'er all assert resistless sway,
 Faith's quickening glance shall overpass the tomb,
 And that unlighted void, and night of gloom,
 To view, where, freed at length from mortal woes,
 The holy servants of the Lord repose.
 Oh, trust in Him, and night's obscurest dye
 Shall wear the brightness of the noon-tide sky,
 The dreary desert of the dead assume
 Summer's bright smile, and flowers of endless bloom,
 Till all the scenes of earth shall melt away,
 And Heaven receive thee to unceasing day.

JEPHTHA'S DAUGHTER.

FAREWELL, my sire, but do not weep,
 'Tis needless to repine ;
 The counsels of the Lord are deep,
 And juster far than thine.

Jehovah's unimpugn'd commands
 The heavenly hosts obey,
 And fly to distant climes and lands,—
 Shall man resist his sway?

Hear me, O Earth, and hear, O Heaven,
 Since thine the stern decree,—
 Father, the life which thou hast given,
 I freely give to thee.

Full gladly shall I breathe my last,
 And earth's frail hopes resign !
 The pangs of death will soon be past,
 And endless glory mine.

This bosom strike, redeem thy vow,
 The guiltless victim dies ;
 Life's fading scenes shine feebly now,
 And lovelier prospects rise.

I go—but if the dead may see
 The living that they love,
 My spirit shall be still with thee,
 Thy sorrows to remove.

When thou shalt mourn my early flight
 To realms of fairer day,
 My soul shall come, in visions bright,
 To chase thy tears away.

Lament not, then, my youthful fate,
 Nor think me in the tomb;
 I change a flower of mortal date
 For one of endless bloom.

OH, WHEN SHALL JUDAH.

OH, when shall Judah rear her wither'd head,
 And, banyan-like, her fertile branches spread?
 When shall her prayers again to Heaven be dear?
 God of the fatherless and friendless, hear!

He speaks in mercy, like the melting rain,
 That steeps in fruitful tears the sultry plain;
 He speaks, and nature pauses at the tone,
 While that still, soothing voice is heard alone.

“Turn to thy fathers’ God, O Israel, turn;
 Forsake thy faults, and past transgressions mourn;
 So shall thy flower again its bloom expand,
 And shed its perfume o’er the desert land:

“So shall his mercies fall like tender dew,
 And all thy faded loveliness renew;
 From Judah’s broken stem new branches rise,
 And yield sweet incense to the fostering skies.

“Spring, freely spring, beneath his shadowy arch;
 No more the worm shall gnaw, the desert parch;
 But uncorrupted shall thy fruit be found,
 While soft springs murmur o’er the desert ground.”

THE SILENCE OF REPENTANCE.

WHERE is the royal minstrel’s lyre,
 That charm’d so oft of old?
 The prophet’s skill, the poet’s fire,
 Are broken, quench’d, and cold;
 And Judah’s harp, neglected thrown,
 Elicits but a mournful tone.

Then let the sorrowing string be mute,
 It strains are useless here,

Since not to cymbal, lyre, or lute,
 Jehovah lends his ear :
 The broken words the lips reveal
 Evince not half the heart can feel.

Far, far beyond the noisy prayer
 Faith's aspiration flies,
 That unheard voice ascends in air,
 The heart's best sacrifice ;
 For speechless is the keenest woe,
 As deepest streams in silence flow.

FATHER OF ALL THE MOVING DUST.

FATHER of all the moving dust,
 That treads this tainted vale,
 Thou art all-powerful, firm, and just,
 We sinful, weak, and frail ;
 Thee heaven and earth and seas obey,
 We scarcely can our passions sway.

Yet dost Thou not, like mortals vain,
 Proclaim thy works abroad,
 The fertile earth and freshening rain
 In silence show their God ;

Where were the earth and balmy shower
Without thy all-sustaining power ?

The ravens cry to Thee for food,
And Thou dost hear their cry,
And man, with nobler powers endued,
Must look for aid from high ;
Didst Thou not hear the suppliant's prayer,
This life were but a load of care.

But while, with fix'd unaltering hope,
We trust thy power to save,
We may with stern affliction cope,
Nor dread life's stormy wave ;
The feeble strife will soon be o'er,
And heaven receive us on her cloudless shore.

THE JUDGMENT.

ON whirlwind car and wheels of fire
The glorious Lord shall come,
The sinners in his breath expire,
The mountains melt before his ire,
And nature's voice be dumb.

Yet fear not thou, whose voice hath sought,
 In humble heartfelt prayer,
 The ransom Christ hath freely bought,
 By pains above all human thought,
 For all who wish to share.

Though the last night in darkness steep
 The terror-stricken sphere,
 Though death and hell in concert sweep
 The bosom of the raging deep,
 Yet hast thou nought to fear.

Protected still by love divine
 Through danger and through gloom,
 For thee the robes of white shall shine,
 The glory of the saints be thine,
 And heaven's eternal bloom.

For those dark souls, who loved to turn
 From his supreme decree,
 In lava-floods their lips shall burn,
 In wormwood-tears their eyes shall mourn,
 And hell their portion be.

Then, oh, prepare to meet thy God;
 While yet thy hope is sure,
 Be virtue's narrow pathway trod,
 Thus shalt thou shun the avenging rod,
 And endless bliss secure.

ON THE BIRTH-DAY OF A FRIEND.

It is thy birth-day—well; but why rejoice?

 Compute thy life by actions, not by years,
And listen still to reason's warning voice,
 As to the goal of human life she nears,
 And the mix'd current of thy hopes and fears
Is borne on with illimitable sway
 To those dark waters where all disappears:—
Squander not time, but with the Roman say,
When thou hast done no good, "I've lost a day."

It is not feasts and revellings can make
 A birth-day's recollections free from pain;
It is to think, that, whate'er cloud may break
 Between us and the future's doubtful reign,
 We lived the past as we would live again;
Nor seek for glittering wealth or pompous power,
 Content with virtue's unimpeach'd domain,—
Certain protection in that boisterous hour,
When friends shall fail, and fortune's tempests lower.

Thus shall each birth-day come with happier wing,
 And sweeter music, on time's rushing gale,
Nor shall the peace of mind good actions bring,
 And joy which earth imparts not, ever fail;—

When thy last sun shall gild the lowly vale,
 And death's last night thy pilgrimage shall end,
 When all the stays of life wax faint and frail,
 Yet God shall still thy parting hour befriend,
 And heavenly angels on thy steps attend.

MAN'S FORMER AND PRESENT CONDITION COMPARED.

WHEN our first parents were created,
 And placed in Eden's grove,
 By bliss above all thought elated,
 They felt no wish to rove :
 Their's was a cloudless atmosphere,
 Where summer smiled through all the year :
 By day, the sun diffused his beams
 O'er verdant slopes and murmuring streams ;
 By night, serene o'er wood and dell,
 And pure as man, before he fell,
 Bright gem of midnight's glassy throne,
 The moon in peerless beauty shone.

There flowers of fairest bloom were blowing,
 And scarcely seem'd to fade,
 Since fresh from the same roots were growing,
 Fast as the old decay'd :
 Yet 'twas not nature's charms, though fair,
 That made them feel so happy there ;

It was not those that could impart
 Their sunshine to the inmost heart,
 And bliss beyond the joys of sense,—
 The bloom of spotless innocence,
 And love, well deem'd of heavenly birth,
 Without a taint or stain of earth.

How changed the scene!—without, within,
 What woful wrecks we find,—
 The broken ruins left by sin,
 The midnight of the mind!
 The soul is like a mighty tower,
 Hurl'd from its base in fatal hour,
 Of whose high lot, in glory's scale,
 Tradition hath but left a tale:
 Or haply, like a lonely star,
 Some Heber's spirit shines from far,
 To show, in deeper dies imprest,
 The darkness that surrounds the rest.

Now, almost ere the summer steals
 Its fragrance from the flower,
 Stern winter heaves his icy wheels
 O'er blooming bed and bower;
 The gentle zephyrs quit their reign,
 While tempests battle o'er the plain;
 And see, their frozen tear-drop flows,
 Fast as the leaves when autumn blows;

The sun scarce sheds his feeble ray ;
 The rivers freeze, the fruits decay ;
 While, fix'd on nature's funeral pile,
 Triumphant ruin seems to smile.

Nor is it things inanimate,
 That feels this wreck alone,
 The heart for its degraded state
 Doth inly weep and groan.
 Where is that fix'd contempt of guilt,
 Which, ere a brother's blood was spilt,
 And ere our sire's apostacy
 Lost for a fruit his hope on high,
 Dwelt deeply in man's lofty mind ?
 But now, to sense of virtue blind,
 Nought, but the love of Christ, can save
 From worms that haunt hell's sleepless grave.

DAVID'S MOURNING FOR ABSALOM.

Too, too impatient of renown,
 Didst thou aspire to Judah's crown,
 And seek thine aged sire to slay ;
 But he hath seen thy dying day :
 O victory too dearly won !
 O Absalom, my son, my son !

Thy crown shall be thy cypress wreath,
 Thy regal robe the garb of death,
 Thy throne they in the dust prepare,
 But the worm will not flatter there ;
 Thus is thy fatal reign begun,
 O Absalom, my son, my son !

As, struck by lightning from the skies,
 A mora-tree untimely dies,
 So fell thy branch in early spring,
 Ere yet a leaf was withering ;
 But the life-weary would not shun
 Thy fate, O Absalom, my son !

In regal diadem I shine,
 The splendours of a throne are mine,
 Yet would I all resign, to be
 In the cold, voiceless grave with thee,
 And lay my toil-worn limbs with one
 Whom best I loved, my son, my son !

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR.

ERE comes the wintry waste of age,
 Youth's flowery footpath trod,
 Let heaven thy earliest thoughts engage,
 Remember now thy God.

The mists that from the mountains rise
 In morning's balmiest hours,
 Oft make a rainbow in the skies,
 Or fall in genial showers :

So hearts that now to God incline,
 Their guilty thoughts forgiven,
 Shall in the end exalted shine
 With ceaseless light from heaven.

As flowers that bloom, and trees that shoot
 Straight upwards to the sky,
 So should our spiritual fruit
 To Him who reigns on high.

Jehovah cares not to employ
 The dregs of forty years,
 Nor, when we fled from Him in joy,
 Will follow us in tears.

Yet scorns He not the humblest mind,
 But will a child approve ;
 And they who ask, a God will find
 Of mercy and of love.

His mercy spares us all through life,
 His love in death forgives ;
 And while our dust yields to the strife,
 The contrite spirit lives.

Then let us pray, repentant pray,
 Ere youth and health shall fly,
 His grace may turn our sins away,
 And keep us till we die.

THE TRIUMPH OF JEHOSHAPHAT.

BEHOLD, by Ziz's rock-based hill
 The sons of Ammon stand ;
 Yet tax not thou the archers' skill,
 Nor raise the avenging hand ;
 For I, the Lord of Hosts, oppose
 The menaced wrath of Judah's foes.

And I will raise a deadly strife,
 (That fatal gift of Cain,)
 No soul shall spare his brother's life,
 Till all be with the slain ;
 And thy unwearied troops shall tread
 The bleeding corpses of the dead.

Three days shall thou collect the spoil,
 And bear their wealth away ;
 The fourth shall end the glorious toil,
 And give thee all the prey :

Thus shall Jehovah's glory shine,
And bloodless victory be thine.

Then, while with sounds of holy mirth
Ye celebrate my fame,
The distant nations of the earth
Shall fear my awful name ;
And Judah's branch, unbroken still,
Shall bloom on Sion's sacred hill.

O CHRIST, THOU ART A WOUNDED TREE.

O CHRIST, Thou art a wounded tree,
From whence a balsam flows
That heals the hearts which come to Thee,
And softens all their woes.

Refresh'd beneath thy grateful shade,
Bright fruits around them hung,
The wanderers of the world are laid,
The aged and the young.

Oh, weary were their steps and wide,
Before thy rest they knew,
But now no more they turn aside,
For heaven is in their view.

And blest, who seek that cool retreat
 From vice's dazzling glare ;
 There shall they bathe their languid feet,
 And taste thy mercy there ;—

That mercy, pour'd from heaven at first,
 Through earth's dry desert flows,
 Reviving souls that faint with thirst,
 And yielding sweet repose.

But every pilgrim will not drink
 Of this untainted stream,
 Earth's briny drops they quaff, and think
 All else an idle dream.

Delusion dark !—they do not know
 That one supporting wave,
 Amid this arid waste of woe,
 Alone hath power to save.

Not they who tempt the tiger's lair
 In India's jungled glen,
 Nor they, who wake the polar bear
 In fury from his den ;

Nor they, who rashly venture life
 On wastes by man untrod,
 Feel half the peril, pain, and strife,
 Of those who flee from God.

Though soft his love as genial shower
 That steeps autumnal plain,
 His anger bids the tempest lower,
 And swells the hurricane.

Then, ere the day of grace be cast
 All unimproved away,
 O ask Him to forgive the past,
 And be thy future stay.

And when death's hand shall set thee free
 From earth's constraining ties,
 Thy Saviour's name at length shall be
 Thy passport to the skies.



ALAS, AND IS NOT HUMAN LIFE.

ALAS, and is not human life,
 That cloud-like rapid thing,
 A space far, far too short for strife,
 And endless bickering?
 Oh why to non-essentials cling?
 The truths we justly prize,
 To every mind conviction bring,
 And lurk in no disguise.

All own one world-creating power,
 An arm we cannot see,
 Which rules us all through every hour,
 Whate'er our lot may be :
 All triumph in the pardon free
 Obtain'd us by the Son,
 'Tis but in words we disagree,
 In faith we all are one.

All own that faith unproved by deed,
 Or act devoid of faith,
 Before the Throne may vainly plead
 To save our souls from death :
 All own the saint's immortal wreath
 Obtain'd alone by prayer,
 Yet all our words but idle breath,
 If soul be wanting there.

Then why should petty strife disjoin
 Whom faith and sense unite ?
 We all employ one torch divine,—
 Then why divide its light !
 Oh may it shine with radiance bright
 On *all* who roam astray,
 To guide their wandering footsteps right
 To heaven's free realms of day !

WHAT ARE WE SENT TO PREACH ?

WHAT are we sent to preach ? Rest to the weary,
 Freedom to those who pine in slavery,
 Light to the souls whose life hath long been dreary,
 A joyous, never-ending jubilee ;
 Even from woe the stream of joy to raise,
 And fill our Sion's courts with ceaseless praise ;—

To give men mirth for sackcloth and for ashes,
 To pour the oil of gladness o'er the land,
 And where'er still destruction's sabre flashes,
 To turn away the sacrilegious hand ;
 To bring a balsam to the broken heart,
 And holy tidings to the meek impart.

Then as the spring-tide flower unfolds its blossom,
 And the green herbage grows of tender grass,
 Kindly rewarding earth's maternal bosom
 With beauteous garments art may not surpass,
 From the propitious Ruler of the skies
 Shall righteousness and peace and mercy rise.

Then shall the world's remotest verge be shaken
 By hymns of prayers from many a worshipper,
 No more shall Sion's hill be deem'd forsaken,
 But all the nations have recourse to her ;

For countless honours from her courts shall shine,
And God illumine her with his ray divine.

The youth with all a husband's warmth shall love thee,
And distant islanders repair to thee,
While all around, about thee and above thee,
The saving spirit of the Lord shall be :
A "sought out" city and "redeem'd" art thou,
Since He thou slightedst once, preserves thee now.

CONVINCED, O CHRIST, THAT DEEDS ALONE.

CONVINCED, O Christ, that deeds alone
May vainly plead at Heaven's high throne,
To wash away the stains of sin,
And Eden's glorious crown to win,
In Thee we trust, and all confess,
"*Thou* art the Lord our righteousness."

High may the moral feeling be,
And the heart seem attuned to Thee ;
Specious appearances—but still,
Who ne'er in thought, in word, or will,
Doth thy all-ruling law transgress ?
"*Thou* art the Lord our righteousness."

Go, gaze on earth's capacious field,
 And see the fruits of sin reveal'd ;
 Here the pale cheek and weeping eye,
 There the cold stare of vacancy ;
 Man is the victim of distress,—
 “ *Thou* art the Lord our righteousness.”

To Thee we turn—O quickly hear,
 Release from danger and from fear ;
 Make us to feel thy mercy's scope
 Wider than all we ask or hope,
 While faith shall deem earth's sufferings less ;—
 “ *Thou* art our Lord our righteousness.”

WHO FROM MY STREAM OF MERCY.

Who, from my stream of mercy cool,
 Hath turn'd him to the briny pool ?
 Or who to Baal hath bow'd the knee,
 And pray'd to other gods than Me ?

Behold his widow'd wife's distress ;
 Behold his children fatherless ;
 For wrath, like tempest unforeseen,
 No vestige leaves where he hath been.

For suddenly, as Indian storm,
 Shall wreathing waves his bark deform,
 Which, sunk in death's unfathom'd main,
 Shall scarcely show a wreck again.

Bright on the gem-besprinkled shore,
 The waves hum deeply as before,
 Calm shines the wide expanse of sea;—
 But he, the wanderer, where is he?

In vault unseen by human eye,
 His whitening bones unheeded lie;
 And such shall be the sinner's fate,—
 So dreadful, dark, and desolate.

Oh who may hear his awful groan,—
 'Mid multitudes, but yet alone?
 For 'twixt condemned souls shall be
 No kindred spark of sympathy.

Then turn to Me in youth's first spring,
 And fruits of earliest savour bring;
 Forget not God in life's first glee,
 Thus He in grief shall think of thee.

Then sweet as breeze at evening hour
 O'er Cashmere's vale of sun and flower,
 The voice of God shall breathe from heaven,—
 "Sinner, thy guilt is all forgiven."

SPEECHLESS, WEEPING, BROKEN-HEARTED.

SPEECHLESS, weeping, broken-hearted,
 Though thy mourning friends appear,
 Yet we know thy soul departed
 To a purer, happier sphere :
 Say, through realms of light erratic,
 Whither does thy spirit roam,
 Fill'd with bliss and love ecstatic,—
 Where its path, or where its home ?

By the voice of God created
 Ruler of some beamy star,
 Say, on throne of glory seated,
 Dost thou view us still from far ?
 Or, to sorrow's voice replying,
 When she makes her midnight wail,
 Tell us, do we hear thee sighing
 Softly on the passing gale ?

Child of light ! where'er thy dwelling,
 We, of every hope bereft,
 Can but look, with hearts o'erswelling,
 At the blank which thou hast left !
 Other cheeks as fair may blossom,
 Other eyes as bright may shine,
 But, o'er earth's extensive bosom,
 Who shall find a heart like thine ?

Thou art gone ! and we but sorrow
 Vainly o'er thy senseless urn ;
 O how darkly comes the morrow
 To the eyes of those who mourn !
 All the sighs we mingle o'er thee,
 All the ceaseless tears we weep,
 Can they to our arms restore thee,—
 Can they break thy dreamless sleep ?

Idle all !—one hope we cherish,
 Which religion deems not vain,
 When, like thine, our bodies perish,
 That our souls shall meet again.
 Then with thee in spirit blended,
 Bless'd with God's eternal day,
 Joys, whose sun is never ended,
 Shall each transient grief repay.

LORD, DIDST THOU MARK.

LORD, didst Thou mark each evil deed,
 Or word we rashly dare,
 For heaven's high promise who might plead,
 Or seek its bliss to share ?

We all have wander'd from thy way,
 Thy saving power defied ;
 We all, like sheep, have gone astray,—
 O heavenly Shepherd, guide !

O'er briars and thorns we vainly tread,
 Our limbs are rack'd with pain ;
 Thy arm in tender mercy spread
 To bring us back again.

We have no strength or skill to boast,
 And faint are mortal powers,
 Without thy goodness all are lost,
 Oh, be that goodness ours !

Be thy free grace o'erflowing now,
 As in the times of yore,
 To quench the wanderer's thirst !—for Thou
 Hast pour'd that stream before.

As that blest bird, which feeds its brood,
 Unfledged within the nest,
 When weak for want of cheaper food,
 With life-drops from its breast ;

So did thy Son (O love too high
 For narrow man to prize !)
 Shed his pure blood, and meekly die,
 To be our sacrifice.

Though that atonement ne'er shall fail,
 Nor leave us in despair,
 Yet shall its promise nought avail,
 Unless obtained by prayer.

Then teach us all to come to Thee,
 Whose grace extends to all ;
 Like Balaam blest, thy glory see,
 But not, like Balaam, fall.

Collect at length thy scatter'd sheep,
 Nor longer let them roam,
 But every soul in safety keep,
 Till all arrive at home.



OH GOD, WHOSE GLOWING GLORIES LEAVE.

OH God, whose glowing glories leave
 Their traces on the golden eve ;
 Whose stars the couch of night adorn,
 Whose torch illumines the dewy morn ;
 Oh while we live, and when we die,
 Thy purer light to man supply !

Oft eve with clouds is shadow'd o'er,
 And midnight hears the tempest roar ;

Oft, gushing forth in wintry tears,
 The morn in sackcloth garb appears;
 But when thy light informs the soul,
 No vapours o'er its ray shall roll.

When all the stars of heaven decay,
 It shall not wane or fade away,
 But brighter still, and still more pure,
 Long as the Source divine endure,
 While ages but confirm its beam,
 Mighty to bless and to redeem.

When the last trumpet's sound shall shiver
 The rocks to rise no more for ever,
 When the last sun's extinguish'd fire
 Shall in the pall of night expire,
 And the quench'd moon refuse her light,
 How shall thy glory strike the sight!

Yet now, less dazzling to behold,
 Thy splendour to our hearts unfold;
 Though now, with reverence less intense,
 It strike and awe the raptured sense,
 The sinner's eye to this shall turn
 From meteors that obscurely burn.

Oh, through this vale of storm and gloom,
 Do Thou our rugged path illumine;

Like Israel's fiery pillar seen,
 Guide o'er the wastes that intervene,
 Till heaven a brighter scene impart,
 To know and see Thee, as Thou art.

SEEKING GOD EARLY.

TURN to God in early prime,
 While a pardon grace ensures,
 Now is the accepted time,
 Now salvation's day is yours !
 Life is like a spring-tide morn ;
 Sun and smiles its rise adorn,
 Hope and joy its birth attend ;—
 Darker storms await its end.

Seek Him, while He yet is near,
 Seek Him, while He may be found,
 Soon shall clouds of grief appear,
 And the tempest thunder round :
 Let the soul from guilt awake,
 All the false delusion break,
 And its former pride deplore ;—
 God will pardon and restore.

Perfect are his ways and pure,
 As the heavens exalted high,

And his mercies fix'd endure,
 While revolving ages fly :
 Fruitful as the falling rain,
 Ne'er his word descends in vain ;
 While in his redeeming voice
 All the rescued saints rejoice.

WEEP, SION, WEEP.

WEEP, Sion, weep for thy sad desolation,
 Daughters of Judah, lament for your thrall ;
 And thou, chosen seat of the once-hallow'd nation,
 How proud in thy might !—but how lone in thy fall !

Dark on thy walls now is Ichabod graven,
 Thy glory hath left thee, not soon to return,
 And thy children, far tost from their much-loved haven,
 But glance towards the land of their fathers, and mourn.

Peace, gentle mourner, O peace to thy spirit !
 The day-beam shall shine when thy sorrows shall cease,
 And Judah, though long tempest-tost, shall inherit
 The land which he loves, and her blessings in peace.

THE EFFECTS OF GRACE UPON THE HEART.

How fares the heart renew'd by Heaven,
 Which, after years of grace denied,
 Hath turn'd to seek the Crucified ?
 Not as the rock by tempest riven,—
 But as the long unfruitful plain
 Refreshen'd by the balmy rain,
 On which, through many a burning day,
 The sun hath bent his sultry ray,
 But now those dewy drops distil,
 And, gathering, form a little rill :
 Where'er it runs, the desert ground
 Is with new fruits and herbage crown'd ;
 Upspringing fields of living green
 With new enchantment gild the scene,
 To which the light of peace is given ;
 'Thus fares the heart renew'd by Heaven !

FROM GRIEF HOW SHALL THE GUILTY FLEE ?

FROM grief how shall the mighty flee ?
 How seek remorse to stem ?
 By day or night, o'er land or sea,
 There is no peace for them.

There is the gnawing worm within,
 Though all without be fair,
 The brooding thoughts produced by sin,
 The tempest of despair.

No gay pursuit shall serve to shroud
 The maddening sense of ill;
 Pleasure, though like a gilded cloud,
 Is but a vapour still:
 'Tis as a sunny wave which hides
 A coral reef below,
 Smoothly to fate the vessel glides,
 Then seeks the gulf of woe.

In vain the conscience-stricken soul
 Shall turn to sensual joy,
 In vain exhaust the flowing bowl,—
 It saves but to destroy.
 So when a shipwreck'd seaman gains
 Some barren sea-girt shore,
 It serves but to protract his pains,
 Since strength returns no more.

Though brightly on the azure deep
 Morn launch her pinnace fair;
 The guilty wake from restless sleep,
 And see no beauty there:

What though the mellow eve of day
 The heavens with splendour fill,
 The bad rejoice not in its ray,
 With them 'tis midnight still.

The varying seasons, verdant spring,
 With summer's sultrier glow,
 To them no peace or pleasure bring,
 For joy they never know ;
 And autumn's smile may half reveal
 The heaven they ne'er can win ;
 And winter frown, but yet they feel
 A darker storm within.

Is there no hope? Ye sinners, fly!
 One refuge stands in view,
 He came, the glorious Lord on high,
 To die on earth for you ;
 Yea, He can still the stormy deep
 That rages through the soul,
 Bid the rough waves of passion sleep,
 And all your fears controul.

SAMSON AND THE PHILISTINES.

WHENCE in Gaza's crowded street
 Do the busy dwellers meet,
 While, in one tumultuous throng,
 High and low are borne along,
 Unto Dagon's mighty shrine,
 Fill'd with incense all divine ?
 Why is mirth in Gaza's hall ?
 'Tis their idol's festival.

On the fretted roof behold
 Deeds of worth achieved of old
 By their sires on battle-plain,
 Mixing myriads with the slain !
 See the pillar'd work below
 All with gold and silver glow,
 Bearing beams of cedar fair ;
 Dagon's chosen seat is there.

Where the heedless gazer treads,
 Richly polish'd marble spreads ;
 There the crowd in silence wait :
 Far above, in princely state,
 Where a gallery, raised on high,
 Fixes the admiring eye,
 Fill'd with pride, and flush'd with wine,
 Sits the lordly Philistine.

But, the yielding sense to win,
 See the holy rites begin :
 Reverend in port and years,
 Now the solemn priest appears ;
 Waiting youths a censer bear ;
 He to Dagon pours his prayer ;
 At the close, a virgin train
 Chaunt, in soft responsive strain :—

“ Dagon, mightiest king and lord,
 By the true in heart adored,
 Monarch of immortal days,
 Thee we sing, and thee we praise ;
 View our solemn offering,
 Take the incense that we bring ;
 Never may oblations fail,
 Never may they not prevail !”

’Tis perform’d, that idol-rite :
 What shall now the mind invite ?
 Say, shall Gaza’s daughters fair
 For the festive dance prepare ?
 Shall the music’s merry call
 Bid them to the banquet-hall ?
 Or the song, with magic tone,
 Soothe the soul to pleasure prone ?

Who is here, this joyful hour ?
 Is it thou, the man of power ?
 Here in loathsome fetters, here
 In a dungeon's atmosphere ?
 What are prison-chains to thee ?
 Break their trammels, and be free ;
 Earthen bonds may not compel
 Thee, that hight 'Invincible.'

No ! by thee, Manoah's son,
 Greater things must yet be done,
 Written in God's purpose high,
 Though conceal'd from mortal eye ;
 Things which earth shall quake to hear,
 And remotest nations fear,
 When Philistia's might is low :
 Such the fate of Judah's foe !

Send they for him ? 'Tis in scorn,
 Dagon's triumph to adorn ;
 Send they for him ? 'Tis to mock
 At the man, who, like a rock,
 Once had stood before his foes,
 Now the jest of fools like those :
 They his former strength forget ;—
 Is the Spirit with him yet ?

Columns high support the weight
 Of the gallery's princely state,
 Mighty and massive, and but two,
 Yet are they right firm and true :
 Who is it between them stands ?
 He, the man of weaken'd hands ;
 He, the heathen's sport and slave ;
 Better were he in the grave.

Yea, he will ; but not alone,
 Thousand victims too are gone ;
 Never such in death were laid
 To appease a hero's shade ;
 Never such at Moloch's shrine
 Fell, to feed the flame divine,
 As upon that day of doom
 Died, a human hecatomb.

Whence the fierce and fatal blow,
 Thus that wrought Philistia's woe ?
 Has that mystery of strength
 Grown unto its wonted length ?
 Yea, and God hath added more
 Than the lion had before ;
 Strength, the wicked to destroy,
 And increase his people's joy.

Round the pillar's weighty stone
 Is his arm of iron thrown ;
 Once in prayer ascends his voice,
 While his leaguer'd foes rejoice,
 " God of Gods, thy servant hear ;
 Let thy vengeful wrath appear ;
 Oh, this moment let me die,
 So thy foes be low as I ! "

Like the hurricanes that sweep
 Stormy o'er the Eastern deep,
 Came that loud and awful crash ;—
 Quicker than the thunder-flash ;
 Broken columns, men, and all,
 In commingling ruin fall,—
 Death above, and death below,
 Such the fate of Judah's foe !

HOW BRIGHT THE SPOT.

How bright the spot where angels dwell,
 No mortal tongue may ever tell ;
 No mortal eye may see, unfurl'd,
 The glories of that endless world.

Fancy may pierce that realm of love,
 But flies back, like the trembling dove,
 With weary wing, and panting breast;
 She cannot find a place of rest.

If angels, when they wait on Thee,
 Shrink back abash'd, and bow the knee;
 If thus unerring sons of light
 Are dazzled by thy presence bright;

Shall man, who dwells in huts of clay,
 Whose glories are but for a day,
 Whose brightest works are dust and sand,
 Shall he before thy Presence stand?

THE CHRISTIAN WARRIOR.

SOLDIER, hail! Thy warfare's done,
 And the promised kingdom won;
 Soldier, hail! Thy toil is o'er;
 Sin and death shall strive no more.

When the battle fiercely raged,
 And the powers of air engaged,
 To the sacred banner true,
 Nothing could thy soul subdue.

Now, the dreadful strife is past,
 Victory crowns thy head at last;
 Now all fleshly conflicts cease,
 Now shall reign eternal peace.

Heavenly hosts, in bright array,
 Guide thee to the realms of day,—
 Unto Him, who, though unseen,
 Still in all thy steps hath been.

See! the crystal gates unbar,
 Seraph strains are heard from far,
 And on thy enraptured ears
 Bursts the music of the spheres.

Soldier, hail! Thy warfare's done,
 And the promised kingdom won;
 Soldier, hail! Thy toil is o'er;
 Sin and death shall strive no more.

WHERE IS THY DWELLING, GOD?

WHERE is thy dwelling, God?
 On Trans-Atlantic wild,
 Where human footsteps never trod,
 And nature never smiled?

Is it in stormy sky,
 When yawning billows roar,
 While scarce the seaman's dying cry
 Is heard, then all is o'er?

Is it in hurricane
 That sweeps the torrid clime,
 When human strength is all in vain,
 And ruin sits sublime?

The desert and the storm,
 O Lord, acknowledge Thee,
 And gales, which nature's face deform,
 With vengeance all agree.

Yet hast Thou lovelier seat:
 It is the contrite mind,
 That pours its sorrows at thy feet,
 And mercy hopes to find.

There will Thou take thy rest,
 Nor from such dwelling roam:
 Oh, blessing, and for ever blest,
 The heart that is thy home!

JOSHUA.

"SUN, thy light unchanged maintain,
 Let not yet its splendour fail !
 Moon, thy wonted course restrain ;
 Stand on Ajalon's dark vale !"

Thus the mighty man of war
 Spoke, from off his scythe-arm'd car.

Do the planets hear his voice,
 And the high command obey ?
 Yes, let Israel rejoice ;
 God hath given them the day ;
 'Tis not Joshua strikes the blow,
 Heavenly arms assail the foe.

Hailstones, pouring from the sky,
 Strike the armed host to earth ;
 Vainly do they fight or fly ;
 Woe to all of mortal birth !
 Flee they, or in battle fall,
 Certain death awaits them all.

Who are in Makkedah's cave ?
 'Tis the Amoritish kings :
 Vain such refuge life to save,
 Still to guilt destruction clings ;

Vengeance for awhile may wait,
 'Tis but to prolong their fate.

Slaughter'd are they, and their bones
 Thrown back to that hollow rock,
 Low in dust their princely thrones,
 Nations hear it, but to mock :
 Thus shall fall, who Heaven oppose,
 Thus shall God destroy his foes !

THRICE HALLOW'D MUSE!

THRICE hallow'd Muse ! we mourn the time,
 Since thou, a bird of heavenly birth,
 Didst wing the vault of air sublime,
 And chaunt a strain too proud for earth ;
 And now thy drooping pinions wave
 In silence o'er the Psalmist's grave.

That choral harp, which charm'd alike
 Or kingly hall or shady grove,
 Now no inspired minstrels strike,
 No monarch tunes its notes to love,—
 That love, whose dawning ray of grace
 Shed lustre on our fallen race.

Oh God, if thus thy name was praised,
 Ere yet thy mercy fully shone,
 What mortal voices should be raised
 To swell the anthems round thy throne,
 Now that its crescent beam displays
 O'er heaven and earth its clondless blaze?

Blest harp ! shall none thy music wake ?
 Must thou remain untouch'd, unstrung ?
 Or hands, like mine, essay to break
 The silence which has round thee hung,
 As breezes o'er the strings that sigh,
 Making uncertain melody ?

Oh, might some mightier bard arise,
 More worthy of thy ancient strain,
 Whose fire, descended from the skies,
 Might reach its native home again,—
 Then should we cease our feeble lays,
 And join him in his songs of praise.

O GOD, WHOSE WISDOM LAUNCH'D.

O GOD, whose wisdom launch'd the spheres,
 Whose name each orb of light reveres,
 Where worlds on worlds in splendour rise
 To gild the concave of the skies ;
 Whose glory fills the fields of air ;
 Shall mortal man demand thy care ?

Though wide thy wisdom as all space,
 Beyond e'en mental skill to trace,
 Though far, without or bound or end,
 Thy matchless majesty extend ;
 Though bright thy power and glory shine,
 A milder attribute is thine.

Though free in air to roam at large,
 The sparrow feeds its infant charge,
 And, when the winds blow keen and chill,
 Kindly exerts its little skill
 To keep the unfledged nestlings warm,
 And shield them from the piercing storm ;—

Such is thy mercy, God of Love ;
 So kindly, stooping from above,

Dost Thou man's countless wants supply,
 Support him with thy grace from high,
 And shade him from misfortune's shower,
 From spring-tide youth to age's hour.

Thy wisdom, power, and light we praise ;
 But most thy love's reviving rays ;
 They raise the spirit, sunk in sin,
 And bid a livelier hope begin,
 That, when earth's dark career shall close,
 Heaven's sunshine shall repay our woes.

I see Thee in the morning's prime,
 Whose sunshine gilds the wing of time ;
 I see Thee at the noontide hour,
 When faint I seek the shady bower ;
 And when eve's dews refresh the air,
 I see and own thy presence there.

I see thy love, in flowers that fling
 Their incense o'er the varied spring ;
 Whose clear unsullied smile repays
 Stern winter's frown in darker days,
 And to the long snow-fetter'd plain
 Brings Eden's brightest hopes again.

I see thy terrors in the gale,
 That hurls to death the helpless sail ;

In sudden earthquakes opening wide ,
 In the volcano's melted tide ;
 And in the silent pests that doom
 Their millions to an early tomb.

Oh, in thy presence, Lord, what scope
 Is there alike for fear and hope,—
 Fear, lest our sins should meet thy wrath,
 And vengeance strike our guilty path ;
 Hope, that thy love may yet forgive,
 And bid our fainting spirits live !

Gone are the rites of other days ;
 No coals upon thy altar blaze ;
 No falling victim stains thy shrine,
 Nor censors burn with fire divine ;—
 Poor is our sacrifice, but free—
 Our tears and prayers we offer Thee.

Oh may His blood, who died to save
 Our souls from death beyond the grave,
 And these poor tears and prayers prevail
 With Thee, whose grace can never fail,
 To bid thy terrors be conceal'd,
 And but thy love to man reveal'd.

HE SMOTE THEM ALL IN ACHOR'S VALE.

HE smote them all in Achor's vale,
 Because they hid the spoil ;
 The deepest schemes of man must fail
 God's piercing eye to foil ;
 When He the deeds of earth surveys,
 The night is as the noonday's blaze.

And dark and dreadful was their crime,
 And awful was their doom,
 Cut off in manhood's early prime,
 And beauty's youthful bloom ;
 Like them unblest, and unforgiven,
 Thus perish all the foes of heaven !

Stay !—hast not *thou* some secret sin,
 Hid in the heart's deep mine,
 Some dark and blackening stain within,
 While all without may shine ;
 Like whited sepulchres that hide
 Rottenness in their walls of pride ?

Condemn not others—since thyself
 Mayst soon be cast away,
 Suspended o'er that fearful gulph,
 Where nought can be thy stay,

Save Him, almighty to forgive,
Who gave his life that thou mightst live.

Upon the agonizing wood
For thee the victim died,
And streams of rich and saving blood
Flow'd from his wounded side ;—
They flow'd, but ere they fell to earth,
Millions received a second birth.

Oh let the thought of Christ impart
A glow of heavenly love ;
And from thy house and from thy heart
The accursed thing remove.
Thus shall thy mind from guilt be free,
Nor Achan's doom be dealt on thee.

LORD, THOU HAST SCATTER'D US LIKE SHEEP.

LORD, Thou has scatter'd us like sheep,
Far from the shepherd's care,
To wander o'er life's sandy steep ;
O turn, and hear our prayer.

Thy wrath has caused the earth to shake,
And lofty mountains bow,

Oh, heal the breaches thou didst make,
And see us humbled now.

Thy fury taught us all to fear,
And drink the cup of woe ;
O let thy mercy now appear,
Nor strike a farther blow.

We own thy power, and seek thy grace,
Which bids us grieve no more ;
When shall thy servants see thy face,
And life's keen pangs be o'er ?

It comes—balm to our bleeding hearts,
And holiest peace is given !
Farewell to joys that earth imparts ;
Our home, our rest is heaven.

WEEP NOT, BRETHREN, FOR THE DEAD.

WEEP not, brethren, for the dead ;—
Though the spark of life be fled,
Though the cold and breathless clay
In its kindred earth decay ;

Though the mist of death absorb
 The shrunk eyeball's glassy orb ;
 Though the spirit's palace fall,
 Tenantless its bony wall ;
 Weep not for the body's fate ;—
 Fairer scenes the soul await.

Weep ye, for that he who died
 Walk'd with Jesus, side by side,
 Firm as they, who, close with God,
 Fiery coals unharmed trod ?
 Weep ye, that his childlike heart
 Knew not guilt's envenom'd art,
 Nor the glittering gauds that throw
 Splendour o'er a life of woe,
 But, from earth's ambition riven,
 All to God and peace was given ?

Calm his course, yet fruitful too,
 As a stream conceal'd from view ;
 Not as rapid torrents flow,
 Bringing death where'er they go ;
 Not as cataracts, that bear
 Rocks and shrubs and flowrets fair
 Headlong in their mad career ;
 His was not a noisy sphere,
 But, like an unnoticed tide,
 His few years were seen to glide.

Now released from grief and sin,
 Heaven shall let the wanderer in ;
 Now, from mortal cares removed,
 With the God on earth he loved,
 Rests he in that peaceful home,
 Where no tear shall ever come :
 There, untouch'd by mortal woes,
 All the ransom'd saints repose ;
 Thus they cease from toil and strife ;
 Death is but the gate of life.

Oh, then, weep not for the dead,
 Though the spark of life be fled ;
 Though the cold and breathless clay
 In its kindred earth decay ;
 Though the mist of death absorb
 The shrunk eyeball's glassy orb ;
 Though the spirit's palace fall,
 Tenantless its bony wall,
 Weep not for the body's fate ;—
 Fairer scenes the soul await.

THERE IS A TIME.

THERE is a time to leave the womb ;
 A time for mirth, a time for gloom ;
 A time to sow, a time to reap,
 A time to laugh, a time to weep ;
 A time for joy, a time for pain ;
 A time to break, and build again ;
 But most to this thy mind apply,—
 Mortal, there is a time to die !

Soon shall each earthly joy and fear,
 And all that pains or pleases here,
 Each object of our hate and love,
 And hope, save those we fix above,
 Quick from our vision melt away,
 Like mists before the morning ray,
 And death's dim shadows overspread
 Each lovely and beloved head.

Then put thy trust in Him on high,
 Who views us with a father's eye ;
 Who with correction just, though mild,
 Recalls from guilt each erring child ;
 Whose mercy's rays dispel each cloud
 That strives our hope of heaven to shroud,
 And to each weak and trembling heart
 A holy confidence impart.

Thus shall his star, through gathering gloom,
 Thy wintry night of life illumine;
 He will thy failing step sustain,
 Till the dark veil be rent in twain;
 Till ends this wild and suffering strife,
 And death unlocks the gate of life;
 Then shall his sun of love repay
 Thy griefs with never-ending day.

JERUSALEM! JERUSALEM!

JERUSALEM! Jerusalem!
 Thou once wast as a peerless gem,
 Set in a shrine of purest gold;
 We see thee now, of men the scorn,
 Of all thy rays of beauty shorn,
 Thy lustre dimm'd, thy glory cold.

What is it that hath brought thee low?
 What was it struck the fatal blow?
 Say, was it time, with sweeping wing?
 Was it Assyria's boasted might,
 The Philistine or Moabite,
 Such tempests o'er thy head could bring?

Time, that brush'd by, each moving hour,
 Swept not a blossom from thy flower,
 Nor broke thy fair-extending stem;
 Nor was it an external foe,
 That wrought thy ruin and thy woe;
 'Twas thy own guilt, Jerusalem.

Thy crime's sad punishment, foretold
 By saints and holy seers of old,
 Who sought to turn thee from thy sin,
 Hath come at length, in vengeance dire,
 To burn thy shrines with wasting fire;
 Thus thy sad sufferings begin.

Thy children, hated from their birth,
 Are outcasts in each clime of earth;
 From Sion's city wandering far,
 No hope their gloomy exile cheers,
 No fountain in the waste appears,
 In their dark sky no guiding star.

The strains they sung in days of joy,
 No more thy weeping sons employ;
 For grief is all they now can know,
 And, lightly though they touch the chords,
 Sounds a deep tone too sad for words
 Like some funereal note of woe.

Yet. Salem, hope :—again may rise
 Thy turrets, greeting our glad eyes
 With hopes of former strength again ;
 Again thy hill in glory shine,
 Jehovah's endless light be thine,
 And showers of grace bedew thy plain.

Roses, that Sharon's heights perfume,
 In winter lose their brightest bloom,
 But in the spring renew their leaves ;
 So may thy beauties burst once more,
 And, the dark day of sorrows o'er,
 The heart again rejoice, that grieves.

THE JUDGMENT.

WHEN the sun shall wax pale as yon summit of snow,
 That rears its white head o'er the deep vale below ;
 When the moon shall be red like the heath on yon plain,
 Just dyed with the blood of the wounded and slain ;
 When the stars shall be strown like the numberless leaves,
 That earth on her breast from the forest receives ;
 When the sword of the Lord shall be bathed in fire,
 As he comes to judge earth, in the height of his ire,
 And the lightning grows dim in the light of his path,—
 What mortal shall stand to encounter his wrath ?

The wicked, who spread like a Upas-tree wide,
 With its green summer-leaves, and its branches of pride,
 That seem'd a cool shade and a shelter to form,
 From the heat of the sun and the strength of the storm ;
 But concealing within a rank poison, that threw
 Desolation around it, wherever it grew ;—
 The dark agent of death, who, through terror and gloom,
 Brought his victims at length to the verge of the tomb,
 Turning earth's brightest day to the dimness of night ;—
 Oh say, shall he stand in the Conqueror's sight ?

No ! as mountains of sand on the lone caravan,
 Destruction shall come on the reprobate man ;
 He may stalk for a moment as high and as vain
 As the lordly giraffe on the sand-glowing plain ;
 The next, like a vessel o'erset by the wave,
 Unblest he shall sink to the sleep of the grave,
 That sleep without rest—for the worm shall be there,
 And the ne'er-glutted sword of the monster Despair ;
 Thus the wicked shall fall when the Lord shall arise ;
 Thus their doom shall be seal'd who his mercy despise.

But the good, who grew low like a shrub in the dale,
 That wafted its sweets on the wings of the gale,
 Enriching the earth with an Eden-like bloom,
 Too wise to be vain, and too good to presume,
 Never thinking his merit might win him a way
 To the regions where bliss and eternity sway,

But confiding in Him, who assisteth the meek,
 Regardeth the poor, and sustaineth the weak,
 Shall be firm, when the thunders of vengeance are hurl'd,
 Upheld by his might who upholdeth the world.

I MEET THEE, BY THE MOON-LIT GLADE.

I MEET Thee, by the moon-lit glade,
 When wandering 'neath the forest's shade ;
 I meet Thee, by that lonely star,
 That gilds earth's silent eve from far ;
 I meet Thee, by the morning's beam
 That sheds its light o'er bower and stream ;
 And thence, where'er my steps repair,
 My God, my God, I meet Thee there.

Where'er I go, Thou wert before ;
 In vain earth's bosom I explore,
 In vain to night's recesses fly,
 Still follow'd by thy sleepless eye,—
 That eye, to whose all-piercing ray
 The darkest night is as the day,
 Whose sight can at one glance pervade
 The countless worlds creation made.

How shall I stand before thy throne
 If thus my secret deeds be known,—
 Deeds, from my fellow-men conceal'd,
 But to my righteous Judge reveal'd?
 I sink with shame, for well I know,
 In vain is outward pomp and show,
 To hide my inward faults from Thee,
 Or from thy wrath my spirit free!

But is there not a cause for bliss?
 And do I hate Thee, Lord, for this,
 That, wheresoe'er my footsteps rove,
 I see Thee there, thou God of love?—
 That always, spite of place or time,
 In my own land or foreign clime,
 In grief or joy, in good or ill,
 I know, I feel thy presence still?

Oh is not, thus, by favouring heaven,
 One motive more to virtue given;—
 To think, howe'er our path through life
 May lead through danger and through strife,
 'Mid stormy seas and deserts rude,
 We are not yet in solitude;
 But safe with Him, whose powerful arm
 Can save us from impending harm?

Thus should our youthful hearts be taught
 To harbour no unhallow'd thought,
 Convinced that He who dwelleth there
 Its secret communings must share,
 And keep each error of the soul
 Recorded on the fatal roll,
 To wait the judgment of that day,
 When all of earth shall pass away.

Then pray to Him, whose Spirit bright
 From chaos woke the world to light,
 Thy mental chaos to remove,
 And shine upon thee with his love ;
 Destroy each embryo form of sin
 That finds a lurking place within,
 And on thy heart that balm bestow,
 That turns to joy the keenest woe.

For He can calm the surgy wave,
 When stormiest billows loudly rave,
 And give the restless mind a store
 Of peace and joy unknown before,—
 Peace 'pending not on mortal breath,
 But rising brighter still from death,
 Still with us wheresoc'er we fly,
 Coeval with eternity.

I SIT AND WATCH THE WATERY CLOUDS.

I sit and watch the watery clouds

Pass o'er thy face, thou beauteous moon,
And view each parting vail that shrouds

Thy silver light, to vanish soon :
And thus, methinks, this earthly clay
Conceals a lustre more divine,
The spirit's heaven-descended ray,
Which yet again undimm'd shall shine.

Quick as the vapours that sail o'er
In seeming chace yon radiant ball,
This form of dust shall be no more,
And the pure soul enlighten all :
No dim, no darken'd atmosphere
Shall hide as now that lustre bright,
But, fix'd through heaven's eternal year,
She then shall pour a ceaseless light.

Then from all earthly changes free,
She shall not wax nor wane on high,
Nor ever set in death, for He,
Who gives her light, can never die ;
But through the realms of heavenly love
Her pure effulgence still maintain,
With countless souls redeem'd above,
In endless majesty to reign.

WHO COMES BY EDMON'S SACRED WAY.

Who comes by Edom's sacred way,
 With robes from Bozrah dyed,
 Bedeck'd in gorgeous array,
 And travelling in pride?
 "'Tis I that speak in truth," He cried,
 "Whose mercies oft appear,
 Though vainly hath their skill been tried
 On hearts that would not hear."

Tell me, why is thy garment red,
 As his that treads the vine?
 "I trod the vine alone," He said,
 "No people there were mine.
 But I will tread the rebel line,
 Till all shall be subdued,
 Then shall my garments redder shine,
 Besprinkled with their blood.

"Yet still will I my church refresh,
 The church which I have made,—
 Sustain the drooping arm of flesh,
 And give the spirit aid:
 The rose of Sharon shall not fade,
 But 'mid the desert bloom,
 While those who have its Lord betray'd
 Shall perish in the tomb."

SENNACHERIB.

" FEAR not Assyria's powerful hand,
 Her locust-like array ;
 They shall not spoil thy fertile land,
 They shall not find a prey.
 Fear not the foes, from carnage fresh,
 Will fatten on our sod ;
 With them is but an arm of flesh,
 With us, the Lord our God.

Though o'er the earth they wheel their flight,
 Spoiling where'er they go,
 The God of battles here will fight,
 And turn aside the blow :
 The warrior's plume, the conqueror's sword,
 May pass in triumph by,
 Thy shield and spear shall be the Lord,—
 Thy enemies shall die."

He said, and from the assembled throng
 A voice exulting spoke,
 "That spear is firm, that shield is strong,
 We do not fear the yoke.
 No servile chains our limbs shall gall,
 If He our leader be,
 No threat'ning foes shall make us fall,
 His people are the free."

And well their words were verified ;
 Death's messenger came down,
 And low was laid imperial pride,
 And low Assyria's crown :
 And though Sennacherib return'd,
 'Twas but to meet his doom ;
 No youthful sons his losses mourn'd,
 They sent him to his tomb !

SAY, WILL YE STILL.

SAY, will ye still the Lord forget,
 Nor seek his boundless kindness yet ?
 Or will ye trust, in hour of need,
 The broken staff and bruised reed ?

Though mild his mercies as the waves
 By Zephyrs lull'd in coral caves,
 Like stormy seas resounds his wrath,
 And ruin marks his angry path.

Awhile we see his love prevail,
 And mercy balances the scale,
 But should our sins his love outweigh,
 In vain we shun the fatal day.

Though guilt may spread, in towering pride,
 Like pines on dark Cithæron's side,
 Like pine-trees lopt its branch shall die,
 Nor vigorous shoots its place supply.

Oh, ere this doom on thee shall fall,
 Repent, and God will pardon all,
 While saints with joy thy face behold,
 Blest lamb of heaven's eternal fold.

SONG OF THE HEBREW EXILE.

HIGH grows the oak in power and pride
 On England's sea-girt strand,
 But where the palm-tree branches wide
 Is my own father-land.
 In France there's many a peaceful home,
 And many a vine-clad hill,
 But wheresoe'er my footsteps roam,
 My heart is Zion's still.

Helvetia's sons are brave in fight,
 Her daughters chaste as fair,
 Yet Judah's once were men of might,
 And lovelier forms were there.

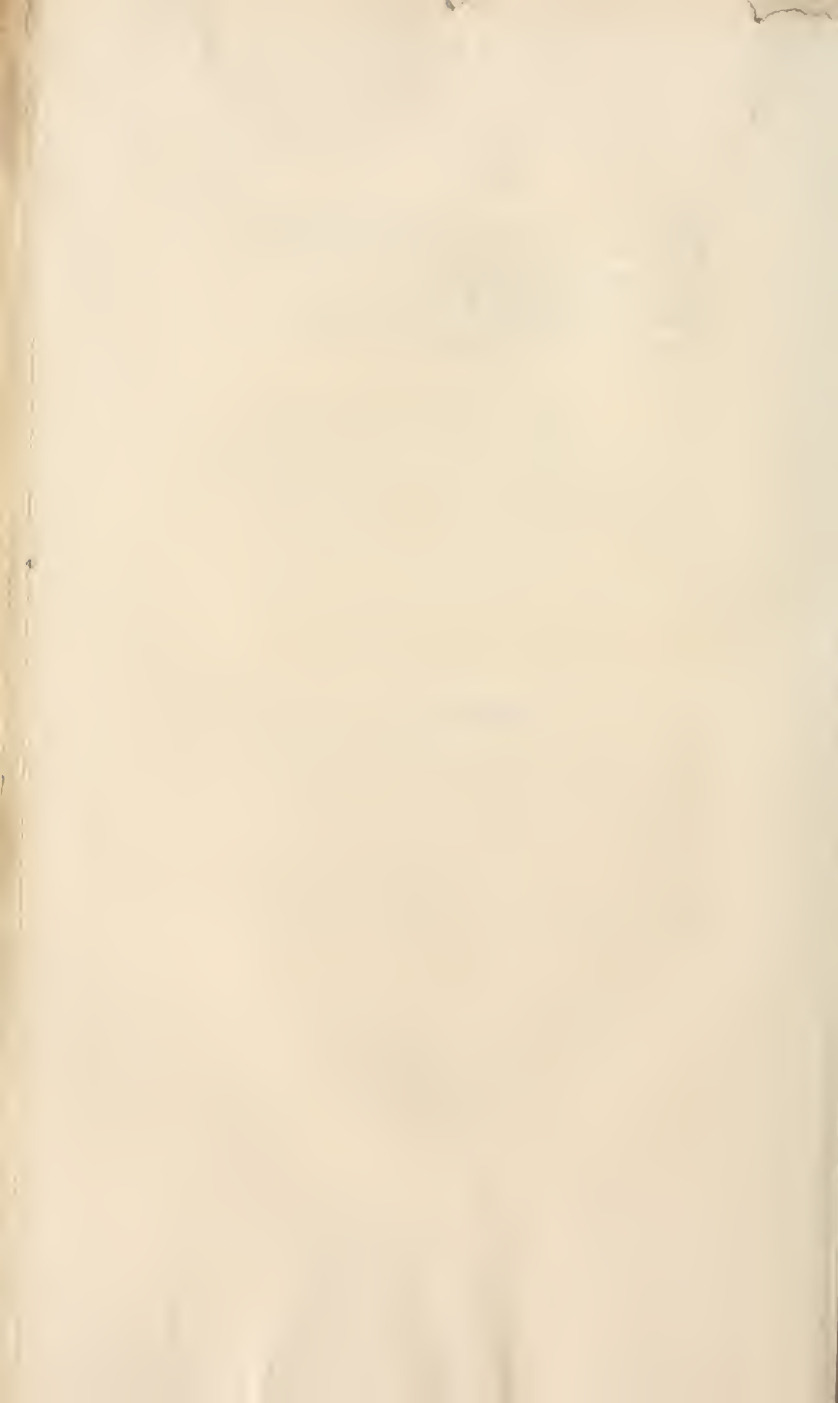
Bright gleams the clear diurnal star
 O'er the deep vales of Spain,
 But Canaan's sun shone brighter far :—
 Would I were there again !

A purple ray hath Ganges caught
 From evening's Indian throne,
 But Jordan woos each wandering thought,
 And claims me for her own ;
 All peerlessly the queen of night
 Looks down on Io's sea,
 But Israel's guide was heavenly light—
 Would that might shine for me !

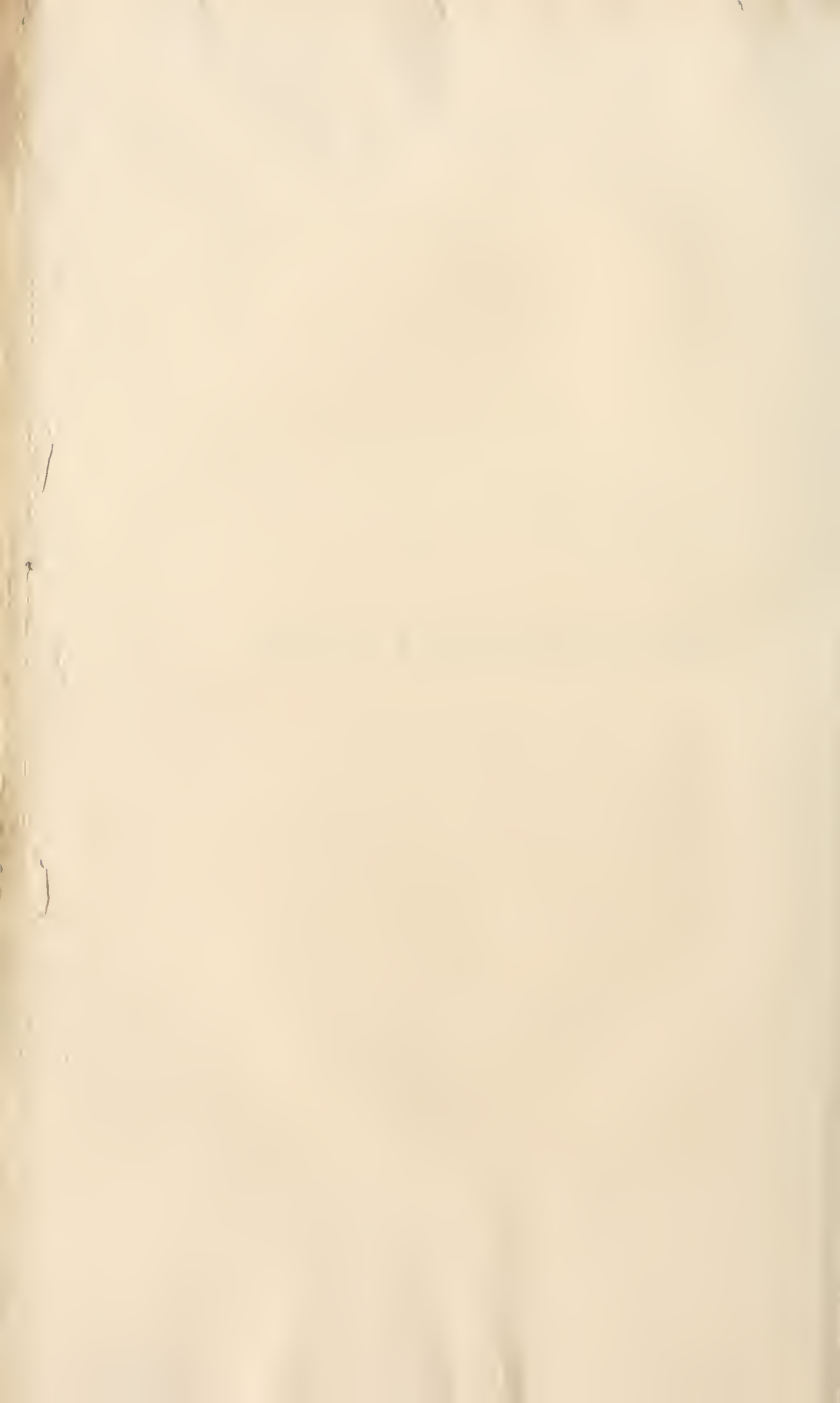
Receding from yon Eastern clime,
 I see new shores expand,
 With realms unknown to ancient time,
 And many a fruitful land.
 A thousand gleaming turrets rise,
 All bright at evening-fall ;—
 Would Salem's towers might greet mine eyes,
 Who love them more than all !

When forth at morning's break I rove,
 And watch its earliest ray,
 Methinks it gilds the land I love,
 Though I be far away ;

Then look I through the mist of years,
To that blest morn divine,
When heavenly joys shall dry my tears,
A heavenly Salem shine.



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

SENECA TO NERO.

TYRANT! deem not that I shrink
From the doom which all must see;
Life has been the only link
That has bound my soul to thee.
Now from load of earthly clay
Shall the chainless mind be free,
There—where tyrants never sway,
There—where thou shalt never be!

Son of kings, to kings allied,*
Though thy blood unmix'd remain,
What is honour's purest tide,
When it swells a tyrant's vein?

* Being descended, on his mother's side, from the emperor Augustus, and having married Octavia, the daughter of Claudius.—See SÆTONIUS.

Better spill it forth, like mine,
 Till life's latest rill thou drain,
 Than draw, from its springs divine,
 Strength—to wield a nation's chain.

Blest with fortune's brightest ray,
 Mighty minister of death,
 God-like dost thou sit and sway,
 Blasting nations with a breath!
 For thy brow, of loveliest hue,
 Glory doth her garlands wreathe,
 Many see thy pomp—but few,
 Oh how few, the heart beneath!

For remembrance of thy guilt,
 Tempest-like, within shall swell,
 And the blood which thou hast spilt,
 Leave a stain—indelible;
 Medicine shall not give thee ease,
 Nor thy ceaseless pangs repel;
 Can an anodyne appease
 Torments of an inward hell?

Then shall thy unhallow'd heart
 By remorse be rent and riven,
 Till each bleeding, shattered part
 Suffer more than thou hast given:

Though a king, a worthless worm,
 Shalt thou be distraction-driven,
 Fleeing from that inward storm,
 Fiercer than the bolts of heaven.

See a mother's bleeding breast,
 By the hand it foster'd slain,—
 She who would have made thee blest,
 She herself was taught—in vain.
 See thy guardian's life-drops shed ;
 These shall fire thy burning brain,
 And thy aching heart and head
 Never know of peace again.

Rome herself, oppress'd with wrongs,
 Ceases to adore her shame,
 Truth's, not slander's, thousand tongues
 Cast a venom on thy name :
 Yet shall not the assassin's blow
 Quell at length that dæmon frame,
 Of thyself the deadliest foe,
 Thy own hand thy heart shall tame !

Monarch now, the time must come,
 When thy pomp shall lowly lie,
 And the vast extent of Rome
 Yield thee scarce a span to die.

Then shall one sole wish have birth,—
 King ! shall it avail on high ?—
 Thou couldst leave this scene of earth,
 Calm and innocent as I !

FAIREST FORM OF CLAY.

FAIREST form of clay that breathes,
 In thy heart a serpent wreathes,
 And the sweetness of thy smile
 Is but equall'd by its guile ;
 Weave no more thy syren-chain,—
 Never will I love again.

By each vow which thou hast broken,
 By each word too fondly spoken ;
 By each unremember'd tie,
 Which the heart must break—or die ;
 By fond hopes conceived in vain,
 Never will I love again.

By that eye, whose meteor ray
 Leads the cheated soul astray,
 With a spell elusive fraught,
 Often near'd but never caught,
 Mocking the pursuer's pain,
 Never will I love again.

Oh, for others, or for thee,
 Should I ever deem it free,
 May my withering heart be reft
 Of the little thou hast left,
 And its chords be rent in twain ;—
 Never will I love again.

THE IMMORTALITY OF GENIUS.

Oh, books ! ye are the epitaphs of men,
 Their sole surviving monuments ; the stone
 But just outlives the perish'd clay, and then
 It moulders into dust, and all is gone !
 And they who graced a cot or graced a throne
 Had sunk alike in time's consuming flame,
 Themselves, their deeds, and lineage all unknown,
 Had not the Muse unbound the roll of fame,
 And on the burning page inscribed each deathless name.

There, in a self-endow'd, self-hallow'd shrine,
 Recording and recorded, Genius dwells,
 Divinest essence of a mind divine,
 Nor cold neglect nor fiercer envy quells,
 Itself the shield that every shaft repels !
 With it the world can never sympathize,
 Yet feels the magic of its powerful spells,

As when the storm-sent lightning cleaves the skies,
 They see the burning flash, but know not whence its
 rise.

And there, when all of earth is pass'd away,
 The poet's spirit rests upon the page,
 Breathes in each thought, and lives in every lay,
 Unseen, but not unfelt; the scythe of age,
 That mows down tombs and temples in its rage,
 That mars the royal hall and rustic home,
 Passes, untouch'd, the mind's ideal stage,—
 Low is each crumbling arch and ruin'd dome,
 But Maro's work survives, the master-piece of Rome !

FROM SENECA'S THYESTES:

THE heart, full long oppress'd by care,
 Will not resign its load of pain,
 Still clinging to its dark despair,
 Though chequer'd fortune smile again.

But it doth love to weep alone,
 And hold its silent vigils still,
 The sources of its grief unknown,—
 It cannot sob or smile at will !

Within the shafts of sorrow fly,
 Unchanging they with changing years,
 And, rising to the restless eye,
 Suffuse it with unbidden tears !

I STOOD BESIDE.

I STOOD beside the silent mound,
 Where all I loved on earth was sleeping,
 My lips betray'd no breathing sound,
 No flood bedew'd my cheeks with weeping ;
 But in my mind, in sternest mood,
 Was memory her vigils keeping,
 And grief unseen, but unsubdued,
 My heart in inward tears was steeping.

The heavenly part, which truly grieves,
 Will ask no eye to see its mourning,
 As the lone cypress droops its leaves
 O'er the cold dust to dust returning ;
 But still within the widow'd breast
 The vestal flame unquench'd is burning,
 Most deeply felt, when seen the least,
 Its griefs within itself inurning.

NIGHT.

It is the silent, sacred hour of night,
 And what a prospect doth that hour display !
 Beneath, the curling vapours check the sight,
 Above, the proud moon sheds her yellow ray,
 Like Memory o'er the heart when Hope's away.
 The fleecy vapours, that, in shadowy file,
 O'er the bright pensile orb at moments stray,
 Catch the green image of some verdant isle,
 For which the heart might sigh, and deem it there could
 smile.

He who hath gazed on beauty's blooming spring,
 The lovely and beloved, hath felt how free
 Time speeds along, with pleasure on his wing,
 Yet drooping still when softer feelings flee :
 E'en so my minutes float, while watching thee;
 And, thoughts of other years revived in vain,
 My hearts assumes a tone almost of glee,
 Forgetting all that earth hath left of pain,
 While gazing on that scene it ne'er may see again.

A thousand stars are twinkling through the sky,
 The silver torches of Jehovah's throne ;
 See how they spread their distant light on high,

Living through countless years, to man unknown,
 Yet still they shine on, as at first they shone ;
 Time doth not melt them in his scorching mould,
 While mortals alter still, till all is flown,
 Hearts wither'd, features changed, and feelings cold,
 Then sink into the grave, their thread of life unroll'd.

TO AN INFANT WEEPING.

WEEP on, Creation's infant heir,
 For thou hast many griefs to bear ;
 Time or a toy may quickly heal
 The pangs thy childish years must feel ;
 Returning smiles shall quickly chase
 The tear-drops from thy blooming face,
 But oh, what pleasures can assuage
 The sorrows of maturer age ?

Now, from all darker feelings free,
 Life blooms a Paradise for thee ;
 A thousand flowers their tints display,
 And blossom in the dewy spray ;
 Earth yields to thee her teeming store,
 But still thy heart shall pine for more,
 Till deep experience bid thee know,
 The fruit of knowledge is but woe.

And thou shalt love, and in return
 A breast with ardour seem to burn;
 But time shall come (it boots not, boy,
 To say how soon shall fade thy joy !)
 Thy hurrying step shall haste to meet
 The lip that used thy own to greet,
 And find the spoiler hath been there,
 And all thy rifled treasure bare.

Then shall ambition bid thee climb
 The summit of her steep sublime,
 And court the crown to which she leads
 By noble thoughts and virtuous deeds ;
 But calumny shall sap thy name,
 And sink thee in the gulph of shame,
 Quick from thy throne of glory hurl'd,
 The scorn of all a scoffing world.

Then shall thy youthful hopes decay,
 And on thyself thy soul shall prey,
 Nor changing scenes nor seasons bring
 Their soothing balm to heal the sting ;
 But, as the winds in secret sweep
 The bosom of the stormy deep,
 Unseen, within thy frenzied soul,
 Shall sorrow's fiercest tempest roll.

SEE THOSE BARE CLIFFS.

SEE those bare cliffs, o'er the valley impending,
 Time-worn, and bleach'd by the breath of decay,
 Rock upon rock from their summits descending,
 Remnants of age, how they moulder away !
 Once on their heights did the wild heather blossom,
 Deep was the soil, with its herbage of green,
 While a clear lake, in its silvery bosom,
 Pictured each hue of the beautiful scene.

Dry are its waters, their fountain exhausted,
 Torn is the soil by the tempest's fierce shock,
 Thus are the springs of our childhood, too, wasted ;—
 Age leaves us grey like the storm-shaken rock.
 Seasons may roll, for their changes survive us,
 Past when each feeling of grief or of joy ;
 Summer may smile, but no verdure can give us,
 Winter may frown, but has nought to destroy.

 THE CONTRAST.

HE dies !—but he dies in the midst of renown,
 In the first dawn of life and of glory cut down ;
 His name shall for ever be heard in the song,
 And bards yet to come shall his praises prolong.

Like a young tree he falls, with its beauty around,
 While its leaves are yet fresh, and its branches are sound ;
 That has never been nipp'd by the cold winter blast,
 But whose verdure and fragrance remain to the last.

But I, an old oak of the forest, must stay,
 Till my branches and leaves are all faded away ;
 And when on the earth I lie mouldering and dead,
 Not a sigh shall be heard—not a tear shall be shed.

Oh, unlovely and dark is the season of age,
 When the spring-time is past, and the winter-winds rage ;
 When we see our friends wither, and die on the stem,
 And wish, but wish vainly, to perish with them.

OH, HAST THOU NOT SEEN.

OH, hast thou not seen, on an April day,
 When the morning has been unclouded,
 Black tempests succeed to the sun's bright ray,
 And the evening with darkness shrouded ?
 And has thou not felt, as I now feel,
 The striking lesson such scenes reveal ?

In the dawn of life, when the sun shines bright,
And sheds its kind influence o'er us,

Our spirits are high, and our hearts are light,
And the prospect is fair before us ;

We little think then how soon our sky
May grow dark with the storms of adversity.

Each dream of bliss that we now hold fast,
Each hope that we fondly cherish,

Like flow'rs exposed to the rude winter-blast,
Shall in their sweet beauty perish ;

And dark despair, like a withering stem,
Shall be all that then remains of them.

Let me not live on, while the beautiful bloom
That graced my youth is declining ;

But, oh, let me sink to an early tomb,
While the morning beams are shining ;

Ere yet the fair visions of boyhood are fled,
And the storm of affliction has burst o'er my head.



The last two Poems were inserted in the Literary Gazette some years ago.

WHEN AFTER YEARS.

WHEN after years of toil and pain,
 Spent far from home away,
 We view those much loved scenes again,
 Where once we loved to stray;

When childhood, like a peaceful star,
 With milder influence beam'd,
 And life, to our regards, from far
 So bright in prospect seem'd;

How alter'd then the scene appears,
 To that our boyhood knew;
 The cause of time, the lapse of years,
 How have they changed the view!

In vain we seek the lovely spot
 Where once the spring flowers smiled:
 Our search is fruitless—it is not,
 Or but a barren wild.

The guests that once our father's halls
 Frequented, now are dead,
 And round the damp and dreary walls
 The thistle rears its head.

The trees, that had their youth with ours,
 Like us, are now grown old ;
 And weeds are sprung in place of flowers,
 That deck'd the garden mould.

The whispers once that met us here,
 Shall meet us here no more ;
 No sound attracts the listener's ear,
 The days of mirth are o'er.

1825.

SHALL WE SLEEP.

SHALL we sleep, shall we sleep, where our fathers' bones
 are laid,
 Far hidden from the world, beneath the yew-tree's shade ?
 Shall we go, shall we go, to the drear abodes below,
 And meet in death that lasting peace the world can not
 bestow.

Yes ! we shall die, and in the grave our bones unheeded
 lie,
 Without a tear to blot the page that marks our memory,
 For our life, for our life, is but a summer's day,
 And others shall succeed, like us to fall unwept away.

All our joys, all our joys, shall leave this earthly shore,
 And sink together with our woes, to rise again no more :
 The ocean of eternity shall overwhelm our name,
 And nothing but a wreck be left, of infamy or fame.

1825.

FRIENDSHIP.

You say that friends are but a name,
 That will not love through scorn or shame,
 Nor face the wintry sky ;
 But soon as threatening clouds appear,
 And summer-smiles desert the year,
 Like spring-birds, falsely fly.

And is it so ? but look, my friend,
 Where those two streams their waters blend
 In one united flow :
 And there are hearts, like them, will glide
 Inseparable down the tide,
 Alike through weal and woe.

Yes ! there are souls, that still will glow,
 Like Etna's flames, through fields of snow,
 When all around is drear ;

That still, unchill'd, by wintry frost,
Survive, when hope itself is lost,
And gathering storms appear.

Though jealousy, with envious hand,
Around them shake her iron band,
She has no influence there ;
Nor dark remorse, with iron wing,
Nor anger, with his fatal sting,
Nor ruthless, grim despair.

And thus, when youthful dreams are fled,
And darker visions round me spread,
May some such friend be near,
When age succeeds, and dark decay
Has swept the hopes of life away,
My latest hours to cheer.

1825.

GO BID THE FLOWERS.

Go bid the flowers regain their bloom,
Which winter's withering hand hath strown,
Or bid the broken lyre resume
The richness of its former tone :

And if the flowers obey thy voice,
 And as in spring-tide beauteous prove,
 And if the lyre again rejoice,
 Then, not till then, I'll sing of love.

1826.

HOW SWEET WHEN DISTANT.

How sweet, when distant from the friends we love,
 To deem their thoughts are bent on us the while,
 To think, where'er our wandering footsteps rove,
 Their hearts are with us, when we weep or smile !

It is not solitude to be alone,
 When eyes still beam and hearts still warm for ours;
 He, who can call a kindred mind his own,
 May strew the desert with unfaded flowers.

Say, does the weary traveller onward roam,
 Without one beam to cheer his tedious way ?
 Has he no distant thought of friends and home,
 Of those who blame, or mourn, his long delay ?

The roving sailor, does he dare the wave,
 And brave a life of peril and of pain,

Nor hope at length to find a calmer grave,
 And view his friends and country once again ?

Oh, friends and country ! if his eye be dry,
 Whisper that word into his list'ning ear,—
 That name shall wake the thought of days gone by,
 And water faded Memory with a tear.

FAREWELL! FAREWELL!

FAREWELL ! farewell ! but do not deem
 Love vain on earth is lost in heaven;
 No ! a far holier star shall beam
 Upon our sinful souls forgiven.

For earth is not love's dwelling-place,
 Though sometimes here he rest awhile ;
 'Tis only heaven's immortal race
 He visits with perpetual smile.

The friends we love, the hearts we share,
 With earthly woes commingled here,
 Shall meet at length in glory there,
 Without a sigh, without a tear.

'TIS NOT THAT EYE.

'Tis not that eye, which, gaily glancing,
 Can win the frown from wisdom's brow ;
 Nor yet those lips, whose voice entrancing
 Inspires with more than mortal glow ;—
 'Tis not that breast, which, calmly beating,
 Reveals within the mind divine,
 Can add such rapture to our meeting
 As this—to know thee wholly mine.

Though time's swift courser, proudly ranging,
 But slowly steals youth's charms away ;
 What limit hath the heart for changing ?
 Is it a year ?—perhaps a day :
 The false chameleon's colours vary
 With every sun-beam's alter'd hue ;
 And love may prove, to minds unwary,
 As bright, but as inconstant too.

But thou, like eastern day declining,
 When all the glow of youth is past,
 Still walkest on, in beauty shining,
 Thine aspect loveliest at the last.
 Nor shall a cloud arise to banish
 One ray which emanates from thee,
 Till, all at once, thy glories vanish
 In death's immeasurable sea.

TO A FRIEND, LEAVING ENGLAND FOR THE BENEFIT
OF HIS HEALTH.

BRITANNIA'S shores seem bleak to thee,
And thou wilt launch thy bark, to see
Far other climes expand,
Where suns beam brighter, and a gale
Less cold shall press thy features pale—
Italia's classic land ;
Revered by poet and by sage,
The beacon of a distant age !

I, too, had many a youthful dream
Of Terni's falls, and Tiber's stream,
And Arno's winding wave ;
And farther east, o'er Maura's steep,
Where yet the winds and waters weep
Their Lesbian poet's grave :
Thence ancient Greece should greet mine eye,
Land not beloved without a sigh !

The soil is sterile, nor supplies
What modern luxury might prize,
At folly's shrine to bow ;
But godlike freedom flourish'd fair,
And spread her golden branches there,
Alas, why droops she now ?
The oak, they say, grows green with years,
But freedom's stem no more appears.

Here Delphi's grottoed rocks arise,
 And famed Parnassus to the skies.
 Uprears its two-fold head ;
 'Tis here Castalia's sacred fountain
 Springs coldly from the marble mountain,
 But all its charm hath fled ;
 The long-forgotten muse no more
 Holds revels on its rocky shore.

What are these ruins ? Wrecks of age,
 They tell more true than history's page
 The sad reverse of time ;
 How men and temples change alike,
 And death's stern sceptre all shall strike,
 The humble and sublime ;
 The splendid dome uprear'd to-day
 Will crumble soon to dust away.

But go, my friend,—nor idly view
 What human skill may ne'er renew,
 Each deeply-alter'd scene ;
 That prospect, more than all the past,
 Shall make thee fix thy hopes at last,
 Where change hath never been :
 Then, though mortality may fail,
 Thy faith shall over death prevail.

MONK-BRETTON PRIORY.

DAY sinks, while smoothly o'er the vast concave
 Empurpled evening spreads her tideless wave :
 Calm lies the sea on that eternal shore,
 No foaming billows rise nor surges roar ;
 No gathering tempests shake that liquid deep,
 In one smooth plain the glorious waters sleep :
 How like that home where all our labours cease,
 Harbour of hope, and anchorage of peace !
 But see yon star that brightens o'er the vale,
 While quick the splendours of the prospect fail :
 Still father west those sun-lit hues expand
 With joy and glory to a distant land ;
 Where'er they flow, morn waves her dew-steep'd wing,
 Of life fomentor, and of light the spring ;—
 Morn, rousing youth to taste its happiest years,
 The fountain of the heart unmix'd with tears ;
 Ere deadly grief, or deadlier guilt, hath thrown
 Its blackness o'er the hopes we call'd our own,
 And made us, lost in sin, or sunk in care,
 Drink the dark lethe of our own despair.

The star-train'd moon hath risen o'er the scene,
 And girt each passing cloud with robes of green :
 Queen of the billows, mistress of the sea,
 Whose waves ingulph proud man, but yield to thee,

We do not worship, but admire thy ray,
 That bids night emulate the dying day ;
 Shedding such lustre from thy silver shrine,
 As makes earth seem a heaven, and man divine ;
 Alas ! if but from guilt and folly free,
 How bright an Eden yet the world might be !

What ruins these that meet my wandering gaze ?
 The sad, sole relics of departed days :
 Unknown, beneath the yew-tree's matted shade,
 The saint, the sophist, and the sage are laid ;—
 These remnants still survive in slow decay,
 Though worn with age, not moulder'd quite away :
 Here lived the monk, who, silent and recluse,
 Devoting life to God, forgot its use ;—
 Its use, in active charity to spend,
 The weak to succour, and the poor befriend.
 Yet blame not him, to his high soul was given
 To yield up earthly good for love of heaven :
 Dost thou so nobly ?—or not rather plod
 First for thy own sake, then for that of God ?
 Far from the worldling's mercenary strife,
 His was a pure, if not a blameless life :
 Dost thou so nobly ? or mind ought but self,
 Should passion interfere, or hope of pelf !
 Then chide not him, but rather strive to be
 As just, as meek, as firm in faith as he ;

To these a wider range of objects join,
With fervent hope and charity divine ;
Then as thou look'st on Bretton's crumbled towers,
And think'st on what were call'd its prosperous hours,
Thy mind may rightly judge of those who spread,
Beneath its sombre roof, their pallet bed ;
Nor call them bigots,—greater bigots they,
In pleasure's chase who squander years away,
And find, when all the vain pursuit is done,
Their life untimely spent, and nothing won.
Such thoughts doth night suggest;—O might each day
Inspire such themes to guide man's erring way,
Till the dim twilight of the world shall fade.
And heaven's eternal glory be display'd !

THE END.

ERRATA.

Page 84, line 6, *for* 'feels' *read* 'feel.'

— 96, line 18, *for* 'hope' *read* 'joy.'

— 157, end of line 12, *for* [...] *read* [?]

— 159, line 7, *for* 'iron' *read* 'sable.'

— 163, line 2, *for* 'will' *read* 'wilt.'

The motto in the Title-page is erroneously quoted
as from HORACE instead of MARTIAL.

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